

# THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## ON MODERN CRITICISM.

THE prodigious increase which has, during the last generation, taken place in the number of readers and purchasers of books, it would be natural to expect, should have raised the profession of authorship to much more dignity and respectability, than we find, that it, in reality, enjoys. A few of its members have, indeed, succeeded in attracting the public regard; but they have attracted it almost exclusively. The great mass of their colleagues, or, it may be more correct to say, competitors, remain in a state of comparative obscurity; many of them are treated with absolute neglect; and the profession itself, taken as a whole, has certainly not attained to that degree of public estimation, that high honourable distinction among the employments of mankind, to which the intellectual nature of its pursuits undoubtedly entitles it.

The vast number of individuals, who have latterly rushed into the profession of letters, in order to obtain a share of that augmented bounty which they saw the public disposed to confer on it, is one reason of the continued depression of its general character. If the disposition of the public favour was always in proportion to the merits of the writer, there would be no ground for complaint. But that this is far from being the case is too well known, to require the production of examples to prove it. That degree of patronage which confers wealth and distinction is bestowed only on a few; to the great majority scarcely enough is allowed to compensate for the mechanical labour of transcribing

their productions. There seems, indeed, to be no class of men of whose labours the public is so apt to form an erroneous estimate, as living authors. The prejudice or envy of acquaintances; the selfishness of political faction or religious sectarianism, the ignorance, the illiberality, and sometimes the personal animosity of criticising editors, have all to be encountered by a writer on his becoming a candidate for fame. They form a combination of obstacles to his success, which, without a long and anxious struggle, mere merit alone can never overcome. The assistance of some collateral accident, such as the influence of zealous friends; the recommendation of title, or fortune, or office; or the support of a party or sect, is always necessary to bring an author into speedy estimation. Without the aid of some such lucky circumstance accompanying his off-start, and drawing attention to his labours, he may write an *Iliad*, or a *Paradise Lost*, and like Homer, he may beg for bread, or like Milton, die contemned and neglected.

Perhaps, at the present day, the chief misfortune of authorship is its almost total dependence for success on the recommendations of reviewers, a race of men who have been permitted to assume the entire regulation of the public taste, although many of them possess no one qualification suitable for such an office. We do not say, that they are more unjust or more ignorant than other men; but we think that there should exist a certainty of their being wiser and more conscientious, before the public should place so much confidence as we generally find it does, in their decisions. All descriptions of periodical works, from quarterly volumes to daily sheets, are become the vehicles of reviews, and possess, in a great degree, the power of deciding the fate of every new book, whose author's fame is not already established.

There certainly never was a time when the conductors of the periodical press exercised so much sway over the minds of the readers of English literature. A few pet authors may be benefited by this; but many of much merit, have had reason to deplore it. Before patronage is given, the world generally waits for the recommendation of reviewers, and that recommendation is apt to be either unjustly withheld, or afforded in compliance



with caprice, or interested motives, frequently without regard to either the merit or demerit of the work reviewed. Editors sometimes express their opinions at random, without motive or perhaps without consideration; but more frequently prejudice and passion are permitted to dictate opinions, which should only be suggested by good sense and justice. Hence he who commands the pages of an extensively circulated periodical publication, has a more arbitrary influence over the respectability and happiness of the individuals, whether authors or not, on whom he chooses to exercise his authority, than judges and jurymen have over the fate of arraigned prisoners. The latter are restricted in their decisions by law under the solemn sanction of an oath. The former are restricted by nothing. The dictates of their own inclinations alone regulate their proceedings; and as they feel well or ill disposed towards the person whom they think proper to make the subject of their remarks, they give a good or a bad representation of him to the world, into the fairness of which the world seldom takes the trouble to examine, but receives and retains the impression, whatever it may be, which it was the writer's desire to convey.

There is no class of men, more frequently subjected to the misrepresentations of the periodical press, than authors, yet there is none more dependent on that press for reputation and success. A man, in commencing author, may write and print a book, and advertise it for sale; but no one will mind his advertisement, unless the editors of the day speak of it; and woe to the work if the first who speaks of it, be the author's enemy. His inimical remarks come first before a careless and supine public, and make an unfavourable impression, which, perhaps, no subsequent efforts of the candid and fair reviewer, if such a one should give himself the trouble to come forward, shall ever be able to remove. The first notice is copied by other journalists; or at least the opinion it advances, is adopted and propagated without any attempt, or, perhaps, any opportunity or even desire, to examine into its accuracy. It becomes the fixed sentiment of the world respecting the work, that is, such part of the world as deign at all to think of it. In this manner many a work of genuine merit has been consigned to disgrace or ne-

glect, through the instrumentality of a prejudiced or an ignorant editor. For this evil, unless some accident interferes to arouse public attention, there is no remedy. By a peculiarly hard law of decorum, the author is himself forbidden to point out the beauties of his work ; and his friends, with much modesty, profess themselves incapable of the task of criticism, or they are too much engaged about other matters,—or, in short, although they are well convinced that injustice has been done, they beg to be excused from interfering against an opinion, however clearly erroneous, which the public has already adopted, and which, they fear, it would be a hopeless task to attempt to rectify.

Thus from the forwardness of enemies, and the backwardness of friends, the chances are much against a young author, however meritorious he may be ; and unless mere accident, such as happened to Lord Byron in the noted quarrel with his wife, takes place, and rivets public attention to both the man and his productions, no effort of talent on his part will better his condition.

An unknown author's production, may chance, it is true, to fall first into the hands of a fair and judicious critic, or even after being slandered by an unjust one, it may be rescued from condemnation by those of more generous feelings, and discerning minds. But this is not to be calculated on by any candidate for literary fame at the commencement of his career, unless he possesses means by which he can overawe envy into silence, and allure friendship into activity.

The irresistible influence which periodicals at present exercise over the public mind, in relation to the patronage which should be awarded to authors, renders it the more incumbent on their conductors to be candid and fair in their criticisms. Feelings of envy, jealousy, or personal hostility should be as carefully removed from the mind of an editor, when he sits down to write his opinions of a new book, as from the mind of a juror when impannelled to try the guilt or innocence of a prisoner. Public applause is so apt to be given or withheld at the instance of editors, and in this country more frequently at the instance of newspaper editors than of such as conduct works more professedly literary, that they have, in fact, become amongst us the



chief dispensers of literary fame. It unfortunately happens that these editors, do not in general consider themselves particularly called on by the duties of their office, to defend the reputation of an injured author. In a few instances they may indeed be aroused to the generous task by a personal knowledge of his merit. But they are too apt to read with listless apathy the calumnies of their brother journalists, even when on their very front they bear the mark of illiberality and injustice, if the object against whom the calumnies are vented, is personally unknown to them, or does not belong to their sect or party; and even in these cases, it is not one editor in ten that considers it his duty to interpose.

But this is not all; this neglect to step forward in defence of calumniated authors, is not so great an evil, as that of giving wider circulation to the slanderous statements which many editors, perhaps sometimes without consideration, are in the habit of doing by transferring the slander to their own columns, thus strengthening their credibility, by a seeming confidence in their truth.

But it may be asked, are authors the only sufferers from editorial hostility? Do the calumnies of the press affect no other description of men? It is undeniable that they do, and that very grievously too; but we must be permitted to say, seldom or never, with the same impunity. Authors, as well as their works, seem to be a species of public property, which every person who chooses to praise or blame, may do so in any manner, and to any extent he may think proper. An author's enemy may tear his character, not only as a writer but as a man, to pieces, without having to dread the censure of those who would heartily condemn him, if he treated either a statesman, a clergyman, a merchant or a mechanic with the same injustice.

But the greatest of all the hardships under which authors lie, is their being so entirely prohibited by the laws of literary etiquette from defending their own productions. They dare not state their merits to the world; they dare not show that the faults ascribed to them, by malignity, do not exist. If their private characters are attacked, their privileges of self defence are not, indeed, so limited. Libels upon them may, and they generally do, excite less sympathy, than upon other men, but they are

permitted as other men are, to refute them. With respect to their literary characters however, they have no such permission. To whatever may be said against their talents, their taste and their learning, they must listen in silence, and unless some generous friend comes forward to their defence, (and poor authors find such friends indeed but rare) they must hear unanswered the revilings of their enemies, and permit unresisted a degrading character to be assigned to their works, which, very frequently, if the candour and good sense of mankind were allowed to judge, it would be determined that they do not deserve.

These evils of authorship are, perhaps, felt more in the United States than in any other civilized country. This undoubtedly arises from the vast number of persons who possess an unlimited controul over our periodical press, many of whom, as is natural to expect, are deficient in the ability or the candour necessary to form a competent judge of literary merit. Far be it from us to say that all our journalists are thus deficient. Some of them have candour, and others abilities; and a few possess both. But it is undeniable that enough of them to pervert the public mind, by giving false representations of the character of new books, exist in this country; and unfortunately these uncandid or ignorant editors are more forward in delivering their opinions than such as the possession of integrity and talents have rendered competent to the task. Indeed not only in criticism, but in all other human pursuits, we find ignorance to be more pert and forward than knowledge, and malignity more active than kindness. The chance, therefore, is, that as soon as a man attempts to make a figure in the world, however innocent or laudable may be his intentions, he will find his enemies more zealous to disappoint his views, than his friend to promote them; and, however deserving he may be, calumny will be more ready to check, than applause to cheer his course; nay, he may be overpowered by the assaults of ignorance and malice, before justice and true discernment may think proper to move in his defence.

We speak not, at present, from any abstract consideration of the dispositions of men, but from facts that are within our own knowledge. We could tell a tale of slanderous



insinuations made in a neighbouring city by a certain editor, against an author of whose private character he knew nothing, and against a book which he had never seen, for it was then unpublished. When the book appeared, the same editor, mortified, no doubt, that the public, in spite of his invidious hints, received it with favour, continued his attacks in general terms of denunciation, and with sweeping assertions which he did not even attempt to support by proof. But we shall not dwell on the disgusting theme of this libeller's persevering persecution of one whose faults he never condescended to point out in excuse of his defamation.

It would have been scarcely worth while to have adduced this example of injustice and malignancy in criticism, if it had not in one or two instances, produced injurious effects by giving rise to imitators. In the same city, one or two editors took the hint, and fell into the same strain. It is true these followers in the path of uncandid criticism, are not the conductors of journals either influential or reputable, and the editors of some journals that are both in a high degree, generously opened their columns to the cause of justice.

But the unprincipled and indiscriminating class of editors are always inclined to league with the slanderous, when there is no fear of being held up to public disapprobation, to deter them. It is our duty, therefore, as it is that of every journalist who witnesses conduct among any of his brethren calculated to bring discredit on periodical literature, to proclaim and denounce that conduct whenever it is perceived, so that guilty critics may learn to fear exposure, and the world be induced to continue its reliance on the justice and liberality of the periodical press.

Will it be asked, to what principle in human nature we are to ascribe this illnatured feeling of the critics to whom we allude, towards authors? The answer is obvious. It is to envy; it is to a dread of being surpassed in literary reputation:—for these critics are, themselves, if not writers of books, at least writers of scraps and paragraphs, and conceive themselves to deserve, if they should not enjoy, some share of literary credit in the world. They look, as all jealous people do, on every new competitor

for the meed to which they aspire, as diminishing their chance of obtaining it ; and if they perceive him to manifest any indication of merit, they immediately take the alarm, and resolve to destroy him, while his fame is yet so tender that they can grapple with it with some prospect of success ; for although incapable of any high intellectual effort, they are not so extremely stupid as not to know that after the public become fairly acquainted with an author of merit, it is in vain for them to direct their puny attacks against his reputation.

There is another circumstance in which this inferior race of critics occasionally display some sagacity ; namely, their mode of representing to the public the character in which they would have their intended victim to be viewed. They cautiously avoid entering into a close examination of his productions. Their accusations are therefore not directed against any particular blemish. They find it safer to deal in general sweeping sentences of denunciation, such—"The work is utterly contemptible—we deny that its author has either talents or information ; —he is an unfortunate man, and deserves our pity rather than our anger. We regret that he has thought of turning author, for he can write nothing but what is a disgrace to literature." In this manner they go on, taking care to avoid every thing like a specific charge, lest an examination should lead to an exposure of their ignorance of the topic, and of the turpitude of their motives.

Others of this tribe, when they find that the work which they intend to abuse, contains nothing that they can, with safety to their reputations, seriously condemn, endeavour, by affecting a style of low burlesque when speaking of it, to impress the reader with the opinion, that it does not deserve to be treated with serious criticism. Of this mode of criticising, we have lately met with a notable specimen, in a certain Magazine, remarkable for nothing but its poverty of intellect, and the bombastic singularity of its name, which announces the childish conceit that it is able to carry the world upon its shoulders,—perhaps into the regions of stupidity, which, are, indeed the only regions into which it has itself as yet entered.



Criticism in England, at the present time, is perhaps, not more just and candid than in this country ; but it is conducted with more dignity and talent. The low and vulgar phraseology to be found in the bombastically named Magazine just alluded to would not be tolerated there. If an author is there treated with ridicule, the ridicule always displays more or less wit of a genuine character, and not drawling vulgarity and jejune insipidity, without ideas to atone for poverty of language, or language to atone for poverty of ideas.

The injustice of European criticism proceeds chiefly from political feelings. If an author be a whig, he is sure to obtain praise from the *Edinburgh Review*, if he be a tory, he will be equally favoured by the *Quarterly*. But obtaining the applause of either of these journals, is sure to draw down the condemnation of the other. The *North American* is, perhaps, in point of intention, one of the fairest Reviews of the present day. Its chief and almost only fault, is its want of originality. The books on which it passes its opinion are generally such as have been already tried at the tribunal of British criticism. This might in some cases, be unavoidable, and in others, where the opinions of the British reviewers have been controverted, it might be proper and praiseworthy. But it is undeniable that the *North American* has sometimes wasted its talents, and misapplied its pages by following the track of British critics, and reviewing books at second hand. We feel pleasure, however, in admitting that in such cases, although it may have reiterated many of the sentiments of its European forestallers, it has always advanced something valuable of its own, to remind the world that it could be boldly original when it pleased. On the whole, we have found a spirit of candour, and a vein of good sense generally to pervade the *North American Review*, which, notwithstanding the objection we have mentioned, induces us to esteem it one of the most useful publications of the age.

But neither the *North American*, nor any other modern critical journal with which we are acquainted, is free from one great and prevailing fault, which in many instances prevents the expression of a fair and candid judgment, even when neither factious, sectarian, nor personal feelings can be supposed to have

any weight. The fault we mean, is servility to the fashionable rage of the day. It seems to be taken for granted that the fashion of the time can never be wrong: that a temporary enjoyment of the favour of the multitude, is a proof of incontrovertible merit. It is forgotten how fluctuating and capricious that favour is; how often it is the offspring of accident, and continues only during the existence of whim. It is forgotten that *vive la republique*, may be the cry to day, *vive l'empereur*, to-morrow, and *vive le roi*, the day following, and each shouted forth with equal fervour and sincerity. The cry of Church and State has produced as much popular enthusiasm, as that of Wilkes and Liberty. If passing popularity, therefore, be the criterion of merit, it must be accounted one of the most unsteady things in nature; whereas it is in reality one of the most steady. It is fixed on principles as firm and immutable as the laws that govern the universe; and the only true mode of discovering it, where its existence is questioned, is by the exercise of unsophisticated taste, and uninfluenced judgment. Every man possesses within himself certain perceptions of beauty, propriety, and worth, to which, if he only pays due attention, they will generally lead him right in judging of merit of any kind. These innate perceptions of right and wrong, may indeed require cultivation to render them acute and discriminating. But care should always be taken to cultivate them by the aid of common sense, rather than authority, at least no authority that is uncorroborated by common sense, should be permitted to influence them. Authority may, indeed, be properly enough allowed to suggest rules for judging, but these rules ought always to be tried at the bar of reason, and admitted or rejected according as she finds them worthy.

But we must restrain ourselves. This essay has already exceeded the bounds usually assigned to our leading article; and if we were to indulge in the wide range of speculation and argument, into which the present subject would lead us, we could not confine it within reasonable limits. Before we conclude, however, we must take notice of one mistake universally made by our modern reviewers:—they perpetually confound notoriety with popularity. If curiosity (as in the case of Lord Byron, for



instance) induces the crowd to seek after the writings of a certain author, they ascribe it to merit, whereas it is a fact, that such writings are, in general, no sooner read than they are condemned. While the day of notoriety continues, few will, indeed, have the courage to speak out their condemnation. The reviewers, therefore, hearing little but praise, unless personal or party hostility interferes, will in general be so time-serving as to fall in with the prevailing cry, and echo and re-echo it through all their journals.

Under such circumstances as these, it is in vain to expect from the criticisms of our modern reviewers any thing like a true estimate of the value of cotemporary literature. Whoever, therefore, wishes to judge fairly of a new book, will do well to preserve his mind uninfluenced by their opinions, and consult its pages for himself.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE HAPPY RETURN,  
OR  
THE SONGSTER'S TALE.

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"Hæc novimus esse nihil."—

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ENTERTAINMENTS, similar to the following, are by no means uncommon in Great Britain. The *Lecture on Heads* of George Alexander Stevens, perhaps, gave rise, and celebrity to them. The *Sans-Souci* of Dibdin has been followed by the annual *Wandering Minstrel* of Incedon; the *New Brooms* of Ryley, and various other *Monologues*, if thus they may be termed, in which recitation and singing, have been combined by the performer, whilst he personates in character, the different individuals, whose language, manner, eccentricity, action, and indeed history, were to be exhibited. The late visit of Mr. Matthews to this country, has rendered this sort of theatrical amusement highly

popular ; and although many years have elapsed since the performance of the entertainment, which we now publish, there are many who recollect that it was well received, in various parts of the Union, as delivered by the actor for whom it was written ; and yet the design was then altogether novel in this country. It was written in the year 1808, and in that, or the succeeding year was performed in this city. The music was, we believe principally composed by Hewit, Pellisier, and Gillingham ; and many of the Songs are still to be found in the music stores, but the entertainment is now for the first time made public.

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*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

I am about to relate a simple story, which will require all your patience to listen to, without running the hazard of being fatigued by its want of interest.

During my late voyage from Europe, I was most agreeably entertained with the manners and conversation of my fellow passengers. Indeed so great was the satisfaction and pleasure which I received, that the impression still exists, and I am confident will remain fixed indelibly in my remembrance. Our ship was a tight-water-boat, we had fair winds, good weather, and good cheer, which together with some excellent songs from good singers, caused our time to pass so pleasantly that the voyage appeared comparatively short. After we had been at sea about forty days, and expected every hour to discover land, early one morning I came upon deck and a conversation ensued, which if you please, I will endeavour to repeat as nearly as I can remember. We were scudding under a stiff breeze when our Captain ordered the vessel to be laid to, and cried out, “forward there ; come aft here and heave the lead ! Well Dennis (continued he, addressing himself to Fitzroy’s servant, a faithful old Irishman,) how do you like your voyage ?” “Och ! bad luck to it, Mister captain,” answered Dennis, “when will we come to this same place, America ? Fire and turf ! but I’d as soon be on shore as here at any time at all, at all. Arrah now can’t you be azy wid your joulting, you devil ; don’t kick so, honey. Och how I wish I was only a pratee digger, or a cabbage planter, or some such earthly profession, that I might always be pretty near to the sweet sod !—musha ! but there’s a plunge, ubbubboo !” “Why Dennis,” said I to him, laughing at the poor fellow’s distressed countenance, “the sea does not agree with you.” “Fait your honour, (answered Dennis) we should agree very well if we were only separated by a little bit of land ;—och ! hone ! Ireland, my dear Ireland, when shall I see the shamrock of my native fields again.”



"To thy green fields, sweet Erin, I've long bade adieu,  
But my heart's fondest blessing remains still with you,  
And though ocean's dark billows between us may roll,  
Thou shalt still be the pride and the Queen of my soul.  
From my dear native shore, I am borne by the wave,  
Then farewell to thee, Erin, thou land of the brave.

"To the shrine of true honour thy offspring all bend,  
To adversity ever assistance they lend;  
And though doom'd in a far distant climate to toil,  
A true son of green Erin, forgets not his soil.  
Hoping still that once more, borne along by the wave,  
He shall welcome thee, Erin, thou land of the brave.

Though the sons of my country, from Erin may roam,  
Still the wish of each warm bosom turns towards home:  
In the dreamings of fancy, each fond heart is there,  
In the day of their reason, is each exile's prayer,  
May the flowers of thy fields, still be green as the wave  
Which encircles thee, Erin, thou land of the brave!"

As soon as Dennis had finished his song, his master, Captain Fitzroy, an officer in the army, who during the peace was taking a voyage of pleasure to America, came upon deck along with one of our fellow passengers, a Mr. Hastings. "Right Dennis," said Fitzroy, "you are perfectly right. Erin is the land of friendship, bravery and hospitality, and a plant generated in such a garden can never produce the bud of deceit and ingratitude; and although there may spring some rank weeds from the soil, they are like the thorns on the rose tree which we despise whilst we admire the sweetness of the flower." "Sure you may say that, your honour," cried Dennis; "talk of friendship to an Irishman! Och honey, do one of them a good turn, and faith his memory will not be very apt to fail him sooner than the breath goes out of his body. I have been unfortunate myself and speak with confidence. Ah! shall I ever forget to remember the favours that I have received? No to be sure, troth and I'd sooner forget my own sweet little Judy. Och Judy, you dear divil, did you but know what a hole your bright eyes, that shine for all the world like a new ha'fpenny, have made in my heart! Agra!" At this time the captain came up and informed us that we were in soundings. "Well Hastings" said Fitzroy "I congratulate you on the near prospect of meeting your friends in your native country." "Indeed, my friend," replied Hastings, sighing, "I shall be truly happy if I meet with that welcome which I hope and wish, yet can scarcely expect." "Come, come," said Fitzroy, "I know to what

you allude, you fear a change in the affections of Maria Belmont ; but let me advise you not to suffer gloomy thoughts to intrude. Cheer up, man; you ought to be all life and spirits now you are so near home." "Ah to be sure" cried Dennis ; "but then we may be near all our life, and never get there at all, at all."

"But we are now off the coast," said the captain. "Faith and do you think that I don't know that? but that you must be after telling me that we are off the coast," said Dennis. "Arrah! I think we've been off this same coast long enough in all conscience. Och musha! I wish we were on it with all my heart and soul." "Come gentlemen," said I to Hastings and Fitzroy, "will one of you favour us with a song? Suppose we retire into the cabin and take seats." "With all my heart," said Fitzroy, "and with your permission Dennis shall accompany us, for I assure you he sings a good song." "Oh to be sure" said Hastings, "by all means let Dennis accompany us, I heard him singing as I came upon deck; suppose he gives us the first song." "No, no, (said I) as you are low in spirits Mr. Hastings, cheer up and sing us a song in praise of the lady of your affections, if you please." "Well gentlemen, if you insist upon it," said Hastings, "I'll do my best endeavours to entertain you ; for on such a theme as you have proposed I cannot refuse to exert myself." So we seated ourselves in the cabin, and Hastings began.

"The maid of my bosom is lovely as morning,  
And sweet as the rose-bud that lives on her cheek;  
The fresh bloom of beauty her fair face adorning,  
Discovers the dwelling of innocence meek.

Soft ringlets of Auburn her snowy neck cover,  
Her smiles and her dimples cause many to sigh;  
And each one who gazes becomes soon a lover,  
Pierc'd deep by a glance from Maria's bright eye.

Her eye with mine meeting the rapture there dwelling,  
The force of her passion for Henry must prove;  
The blushes then mantling unconsciously telling,  
The heart of Maria is melting with love."

"The dear swate crature!" cried Dennis. "Sure you may say that and more too. Och hone! how she puts me in mind of my own Judy McLoughlin! Judy, Judy, shall I ever forget the time when you tould me you lov'd your own sweet spoken Dennis better nor pratees and buttermilk? Poor soul, how affectionate!" "Ah Dennis, you cruel hard hearted divil, how could you leave her?" "What? you have been in love then, Dennis,"



said I to him." "In love!" said Dennis, "Aye good luck to it, sure hav'nt I! Why, did your honour ever see an Irishman that was'nt in love with every pretty face that he met with? To be sure they are the friends to the fair sex; and then they have the requisites your honour; for there's impudence, and did you ever see a lady love a man for his modesty? and then they have such a persuasive tongue, to be sure they have. Arrah, now consider the difference. Why there's an Englishman, who will sigh all day with my angel, and my sweet, and my dear; but look at an Irishman honey! it is only, arrah my jewel, say the word, will you? take one for better and worse, or no?—and do you see its all over directly with her." "Well said, Dennis," cried Fitzroy. "I see that you understand the manners of your countrymen; they are indeed all frankness and generosity." "What say you, Hastings? don't you think it is the most preferable way to put the question boldly? If you had done so with Maria Belmont, you would not now be the sighing lover." "Truly, I am of your opinion," said Hastings; "and I always have considered the consent of my Maria as the principal thing I had to obtain." "Arrah to be sure it is the principal" said Dennis, "but dont your honour think that it would be more to your interest to get the consent of the good ould man her father, that I've heard your honour talking about?" "Why Dennis," said Hastings, "I find you have a ready wit sometimes." "Sometimes your honour indeed!" said Dennis, "Faith the little wit that I have is always ready—to leave me, I mane. Besides does'nt your honour know that I have talents by descent. My father was a man of letters." "Indeed!" said Hastings, "I did not know that. In what walk pray did your father particularly distinguish himself?" "In what walk!" replied Dennis. "Troth in walking the streets, joy; he was a penny post man, sure isn't that a man of letters?" "Very well again," said Fitzroy; "but Dennis can't you give us a song?" "To be sure I can your honour; and now I remember that father Shagnossy, the priest of our parish, wrote one on purpose for me, knowing as how I had a pipe fit for singing. You must know it is all about my falling in love with two of the dearest, sweetest little cratures—och no, what am I talking about? one of them was to be sure a little on the large order, but that was Shelah O'Flannagan; now you see I gave father Shagnossy the sense, and he put the words to it—stop, no I gave him the words, and he put the sense,—och, botheration, you know what I mane—but you shall hear it all.

When first that I met with Miss Shelah O'Flannagan,  
 Her cheeks were so fat that they bothered my head;  
 I fear'd that I never should be my own man again,  
 Her hair was so strait, and so sleek and so red.

Sweet Shelah, says I, och indeed you are beautiful,  
 You look all the world like I cant tell you how;  
 Get out, you spalpeen, says she, faith I was dutiful,  
 For she had a fist would have knock'd down a cow.

The next I attacked in the way of my business,  
 "For love is an Irishman's trade you all know;"  
 I felt in my body a kind of a dizziness,  
 That twisted my brain, from the top to the toe;  
 'Twas Judy M'Loughlin whose eye, as a shilling bright,  
 Look'd clean through the heart of poor Dennis O'Whack,  
 To hear how I groan'd with love, och 'twas a killing sight,  
 I thought sure my senses would never come back.

Och Judy, my darling, and can you remember when  
 I last saw your lilly hands washing your clothes;  
 I warm'd them with kissing, 'twas cold as December then,  
 Your cheeks were as red as beef, blue was your nose.  
 Dear Dennis, says you, are you going to leave me now?  
 My Jewel, says I, "to be sure you speak true,"  
 Then Dennis, remember me, do not deceive me now?  
 Saint Patrick forget me, if ever I do!

"Thank you, Dennis," said Hastings. "I find you are faithful to your Judy." "Faithful! aye to be sure an't I," said Dennis. "Faithful indeed! why what does your honour take me for? Sure enough, honey, I'm a man, and an Irishman too, and do you see if any body should be after becoming faithless to the sweet pretty little girl who has given him all her heart and soul into the bargain, why I should just set him down for a great big blackguard and a dirty spalpeen, and no man at all at all. Och to be sure but I should make no more of knocking down such a deceiving divil, than I would of eating a boiled potatoe at this present time; and troth I feel a wonderful inclination for a mouthful of ripe Irish fruit. Well this sea air is a sharpener to the appetite to be sure. Musha! but I'm tired of the voyage." "Indeed Dennis," said I to him, "I admire your sentiments very much, but are you sure that Judy will preserve her affection for you until you return to Ireland." "Sure indeed! your honour" replied Dennis. "Why! she does love me so, to be sure she dont. Judy, my darling, if you was only to know how I'm rocking about here in the salt sea, it would make your very heart cry tears with the thoughts of it, och hone!" At this moment the captain came below and informed us that the man at the mast-head had discovered land; and immediately we heard the joyful cry of, land! land! "Well good luck to your voice" said Dennis, "and all the harm that I wish you is that you may never speak a truer



word in your life, my Jewel." We all went upon deck, but the coast was not yet visible to the naked eye, except from the head of the mast. Dennis was looking anxiously out, when he exclaimed, "arra! where is this same land, honey, for the divil a bit can I see except the mud on my good looking brogues, and troth they haven't been scoured since I left the land of Bogs." "Well Dennis, (said the captain) never mind, you will, I hope soon clean them in a land of liberty; this evening I expect we shall come to an anchor in port." "Och! honey, you don't say so, (cried Dennis,) well then, by my soul, I don't care if I come to an anchor myself by Port or by Claret, or even by good ould Irish usquebaugh, and that you know is the 'liquor of life,' for the joy of the thing." "And pray my good friend, (said Hastings addressing himself to Fitzroy) what do you intend to do with yourself on your arrival in the land of Happiness and Independence?" "Why, (answered Fitzroy,) what should I do, but follow the good example of its worthy inhabitants, render myself as happy and independent as I possibly can. Confine myself to nothing, not even to a lady's smiles, for very often the smiles of the frail sex are as deceiving as their frowns are transitory. Travel about the country, see good company, enjoy myself; and above all, endeavour to serve my friends." "I thank you for the latter observation, (said Hastings) perhaps I may have some occasion for your services." "You may command me, (replied Fitzroy,) and if an untutored soldier bred in camps, can serve you in any respect whatsoever, your requests need only be made to be granted." "You speak as a soldier and gentleman, (said Hastings) and he that would not honour the man that fights for the liberties of his native land, deserves to perish with contempt by the hands of his country's enemies. But you say that you would not confine yourself to a lady's smiles, pray do you know their value?" "Oh! yes," answered Fitzroy, "every man in my opinion must be in love some time or other, indeed I have had a slight touch of the blind boy's venom; and if you will step into the cabin with me, I will sing you a song, which I wrote myself on the subject." "With all my heart," said Hastings, and we all immediately resumed our seats below; when Fitzroy began his song.

"'Twas in the green valley, where Dee slowly winding,  
Midst roses and lilies perfuming the air,  
That Mary first charm'd me with beauties so binding,  
My heart was enslaved by the sweet blushing fair.  
Dear maiden, whose eye so divinely enchanting,  
First taught me to love by the Dee's flow'ry shore,  
Come render me happy, thy tender heart granting,  
Oh! Mary sweet maid, whom my heart must adore.

Her glossy hair curling, in dark tresses flowing,  
 Around her light figure to symmetry true,  
 Her soft downy cheek, with the blush of health glowing,  
 Proves, there the Dee's roses and lilies first grew.  
 Dear source of my passion, so rich in thy beauty,  
 Ah! canst thou bestow one kind thought upon me,  
 So sweetly enticing, to love thee is duty,  
 Dear Mary, thou pride of the slow winding Dee."

"A very good song indeed, Fitzroy, (said Hastings,) and in my opinion very well sung too " "What do you think of it Dennis, said I to him, you must be a pretty good judge of singing; you understand tuning your pipe so well yourself." "Och to be sure it is a very good song, (replied Dennis,) but faith if there was only a little bit more of it, it would be a great deal better. but, do you see, if you ask my opinion about it, troth and I'll give it to you directly: I think my master sings a great deal better than he writes, for he says in his good looking song there, that the roses and lilies grew on the cheeks of the swate little crature, and faith that's saying no great matter in praise of their cleanliness, for its a little bit of a big bull, begging your honours pardon, to say that flowers can grow without dirt." "Very true Dennis" said Fitzroy, "but then you must recollect that we are all made of earth, and of course we may have flowers growing in our cheeks." "Och, by my faith," cried Dennis, "you may sooner have horns sprouting from your forehead: but I think that your honour is getting out of the mud in a very lame way." "Well Dennis" said Fitzroy to him "you are a pretty good critic," but continued he, addressing himself to Hastings, "I have only heard your story in part. suppose you gratify me so far as to relate the whole of it now." "With pleasure" answered Hastings, "it will all be comprised in a few words, and I am afraid that the recital of such common place events will only fatigue your patience.

I was born in New York, of respectable parents, whom it was my irreparable misfortune to lose in my infancy. My father whom a long series of losses by trade had reduced from affluence, died in poverty. A merchant in the city by the name of Mr. Belmont, took me into his counting house through motives of charity, and gave me such an education as was most proper and best calculated for the circle of life in which I was destined to move. Unfortunately for my too susceptible heart, Mr. Belmont had a daughter, the lovely Maria. To see her once, was to be her slave forever; and you may readily judge of my passion, when you reflect that we were playmates from childhood, until we became rational companions, and indeed very soon, enthusiastic lovers in the age of our reason. Her father soon discovered our



mutual flame, for love has a tell tale in every feature, and upbraided me with my ingratitude towards himself, in seducing the affections of his child, for whom he was then seeking a rich husband. I felt my poverty, and knew that riches alone could bias him in my favour. Having first assured myself of my Maria's unalterable affection, I resolved to leave my native country, and it is now two years, since by a course of prosperous events, I have been every day accumulating to my little stock, some of that dross for which misers pant, and which I hope will in the eyes of Mr. Belmont render me worthy of his daughter. I am now on my return home, and all that I have to fear is, that some wealthy rival, may in my absence have obtained that prize, which now is within my reach. But my long residence in Europe without any intelligence from me, for I am much inclined to think her father has intercepted my letters, may have produced some change in her affection, and will render me miserable throughout the remainder of my life." "But my dear friend," said Fitzroy to him, "you should never suffer hope to forsake your bosom, dispel all thoughts of Maria's falsehood, and—aye—come give us a song, your spirits are flagging"—"Well," said Hastings "to convince you that hope has never yet been far distant from me, I'll sing you a little air, which I composed some time since—It is expressive of my own situation, therefore you must excuse the composition.

"The dawn of my youth was by pleasure carest,  
The moments by rapture beguil'd,  
Each day brought new joys, came with fresh roses drest,  
Fate smil'd, ah ! decitfully smil'd.  
  
Abandoned by fortune, forever to mourn,  
My days overclouded with care,  
Still hope tells my soul that each joy will return,  
Still hope soothes the sigh of despair."

Hastings had scarcely finish'd the song, when we heard the pleasing sound of the pilot's voice, and in a few hours we all arrived safe in New York. After having our baggage sent to the Hotel, Hastings left us; but soon return'd with a melancholy countenance, and informed us that Mr. Belmont had the day before left New York, and taken an excursion to the Ballstown Springs, along with his daughter, and a young man named Dashaway, his intended son-in-law. Hastings begged that we would accompany him to the springs immediately, and as we had no motive for staying in New York—we agreed, and ordering a carriage, we soon were a considerable distance on our Journey."

*End of Part First.*

## PART II.

We will now, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission pursue the same road with Mr. Hastings to the Ballstown Springs, where perhaps, he may obtain the consent of Mr. Belmont to an union with his daughter. As you have kindly condescended to accompany me across the Atlantic by the help of your imaginations alone, I hope for your further indulgence during the present journey, for indeed I must candidly confess that I intend to carry you forward by the same mode of conveyance. Therefore be so kind as to imagine yourselves at Ballstown Springs, and I will endeavour to discover, what the company whom you may chance to find there, have to say, during your residence, which I trust will be only a short time amongst them. Sometime before the carriage into which we had so precipitately thrown ourselves at the request of Mr. Hastings, had arrived at the Springs, there occurred some little conversation amongst the ladies and gentlemen at the Inn, which may not be unacceptable to your ears ; I was afterwards informed of the whole substance by a certain Miss Carleton, a lively young lady who had been for some time at the Springs, for the purpose of drinking the waters and seeing the company. As soon as Mr. Belmont had arrived with his daughter and Mr. Dashaway, Miss Belmont, was ushered into the room where Miss Carleton was seated. “ Ah ! my dear Maria, (said Miss Carleton as soon as she entered) how rejoiced I am to meet you here so unexpectedly.” “ Rather, how fortunate am I, (replied Miss Belmont) in thus fortuitously meeting with the only female in whom I dare implicitly confide. My father has just arrived, and with him that hated fop Dashaway, whom he has destined for my husband. Ah ! what a difference there is betwixt him and my Hastings ! The one all affection, generous, brave and sensible ; the other all frippery, mean, contemptible and frivolous ; but then he is rich, and Hastings is poor ; you know Caroline the reason of his leaving me and going to Europe. He may return too late ; alas ! how different is my situation now, from what it was formerly, when I indulged the pleasing hope of being united to my Hastings !

My morn of life rose as the day star bright,  
 And fortune seem'd to crown my favour'd head ;  
 But soon alas ! my hopes were lost in night,  
 My fate now darkens, all my joys are dead.  
 As when the rose bud op'ning into bloom,  
 Gay blush'd at dawn of day in dewy pride ;  
 By ev'ning's chill o' r'ome, it met its doom,  
 And beaten by the storm, it droop'd and died.”



“Indeed Maria” said Miss Carleton, “I sincerely pity your situation ; but Hastings may soon return, and—oh here comes your father and foppish lover. Mr. Belmont,” continued she, as they entered, “I am very happy that you are arrived safe ; and as for you, Mr. Dashaway, you must always travel without fear of any accident happening to you.” “Pray Ma’am be so good as to inform your humble servant, how I am so peculiarly exempted from misfortune?” said Dashaway. “Why can’t you with all your knowledge,” asked Miss Carleton, “recollect that old and good saying, that ‘nought is never in danger?’” “A hit, a palpable hit, indeed,” said Dashaway. “But” continued Miss Carleton, “I am really much pleased that you have come here, for now I shall always be in better spirits; indeed I sadly wanted some one whom I could laugh at.” “Strike me speechless! ma’am,” said Dashaway, “but you are abundantly stocked with wit, and if I can in any way gratify your risible faculties, I am certainly happy that I have come, for your sake ; since now you can have something to laugh at, and very often you know the ladies laugh at nothing.” “Satirical indeed,” said Miss Carleton, “but really Dashaway, your satire cannot wound, for I should laugh at nothing when I laugh at you.”

“’Pon my honour, ma’am,” said Dashaway, “your wit ambles well.” “And upon my honour sir, (said Miss Carleton,) your wit gallops fast, for it seems to have run away from you.” “Oh! spare me, thou witty piece of frailty,” cried Dashaway, “and pray do inform us what company are in the house, and what they want, and every thing about them, for I know the fair sex like to convince us that they were not created without tongues.” “Yes,” answered Miss Carleton, “and such men as you are every day convincing the world, that you were born without heads, at least without any brains ; however I’ll tell you who are all at the Springs: First there’s old Mrs. Knightly, the rich widow, and her sighing swain the youthful Mr. Dapper, the ladie’s man.” “And what does she drink the waters for?” asked Mr. Belmont? “She thinks they may renovate the appearance of her withered cheeks,” answered Miss Carleton ; “but I believe the principal design of her visit to the springs is to seek new admirers.” “She is now near sixty years of age,” said Dashaway. “True,” answered Miss Carleton, “she is so, and I really believe that a lover for every year of her life would be much more acceptable to the old lady, than the number which she now has, and that I believe, on fair calculation, is about one for each tooth that remains in her head.” “And pray, ma’am” asked Dashaway, “can you inform us how many that is?” “Why indeed” answered Miss Carleton, “setting scandal aside, I believe she has only the ladie’s man whom I just now

spoke of, the finical Dicky Dapper, who certainly is only in love with her money ; but lord, as for him ! I only consider him as half a man." " And how does that accord with your calculation ?" asked Miss Belmont. " Oh ! very easily," answered Miss Carleton. " for the poor old lady has not a whole tooth in her head, although she may have a stump." " Well said indeed !" cried Mr. Belmont. " very well said, and so the poor old woman has but half a lover—ha ! ha ! ha ! for the sweet scented beau is—is—pshaw—come, I'll describe him in a song.

A first-water buck, with a cane will strut,  
And a neat coatee, of the last new cut ;  
On the side of his head, he wears his hat,  
And his face, is hid in a huge cravat.

And this you all know,  
Is a well dressed beau,  
Of the nineteenth century.

His pantaloons, o'er his shoulders are hung,  
His vestcoat, is nearly three inches long ;  
His black tassel'd boots, so aptly called half,  
Just come high enough, to expose the calf.

And this you all know,  
Is a full dress'd beau,  
Of the nineteenth century.

With strength in his arms struts a fighting blade,  
A buck seems all legs, for escaping made ;  
If running were courage, he'd quickly start,  
For he wears in his pantaloons his heart.

And this you all know,  
Is a ladies beau,  
Of the nineteenth century."

" Nay, nay, my dear sir. (said Dashaway) positively you are too severe ; do pray let us have your opinion of the females of the present day, also : I suppose you will not spare the softer sex since you have treated the men so cruelly." " No indeed, (said Mr. Belmont) but I will give my opinion of them in plain terms." " Aye, come, (said Miss Carleton) I assure you that I am prepared for the worst." " Then to tell you the truth. (said Mr. Belmont) there is scarcely one of them who thinks of any thing except theatres, and balls, and dresses, and of being the first to read or rather skip through the pages of the last new novel or romance. They love a fop for his nonsense and barbarous pretensions to wit ; and for the same reason they cannot endure



a scholar and learned man, because by his sensible conversation he renders their faults more glaring.” “Oh! shocking, shocking, (cried Miss Carleton) but I could expect nothing else from an old cynic like you. Now let me ask a young man his opinion, and you will find the difference immediately; come Dashaway, let us have yours: but why do you look so serious?” “Indeed my dear ma’am, I have a very good and a very natural reason for looking serious, (answered Dashaway) I am thinking on women.” “Upon my word, (said Miss Carleton) I should have imagined that such thoughts would have affected only a certain class of people in that way; such as young lovers who sigh’d for their mistresses, or old husbands who had giddy wives; fathers who had wild daughters, or guardians who had troublesome wards: pray sir, under which head are you classed?” “Under neither of those, (replied Dashaway) but I believe, if I may be permitted to use the expression, I must form a head for myself.” “Aye do, do, (said Miss Carleton) for the one which you now possess does you very little credit.” “Still harping on my head, (said Dashaway) now pray my witty Miss, drop that subject.” “I think I had best, (said Miss Carleton,) for it is a miserably bad subject:—besides I have not yet finished the description of the company.” “Aye that’s true, (said Miss Belmont,) pray continue.” “Let me see, (said Miss Carleton,) I have mentioned the old widow and her lover; well, next come the fat Mrs. Firkin, the cheesemonger’s widow, and her gouty brother, Alderman Greasy, the tallow-chandler. The fat widow drinks water to make herself thin, and the alderman drinks—no, I beg your pardon, he does not drink water, but enjoys his wine; for the embargo having put a stop to his business, he has come here merely to recreate himself. But I believe he has not succeeded in his expectations, for the gout has laid an embargo on himself, and his whole time is now occupied in reading the political opinions of the day to learn when the one embargo will be taken off his trade, and in following the prescriptions of his physicians, that he may remove the other from his feet. But really I am almost out of breath with speaking so long; come Dashaway, give me a little respite; you sing a very pretty song of the blue eyed maid, do favour us with it; I have not heard you sing for some time past.” “I shall obey ma’am,” said Dashaway.

“In an humble thatch’d cot, at the foot of a hill,  
Where wild flowers bloom in the grove;  
Dwells in peace, on the banks of a soft streaming rill,  
The sweet blue-ey’d maid whom I love.

In her bosom love, virtue, and tenderness dwell,  
 She's tender and mild as the dove;  
 In the graces of person, ah! none can excel,  
 The sweet blue ey'd maid whom I love.

Once displeas'd with my chains, and inclined to be free,  
 To conquer my passion I strove;  
 But my quick throbbing heart, told how dear was to me,  
 The sweet blue-ey'd maid whom I love."

As soon as Dashaway had finished singing, Mr. Belmont complained of being fatigued, and retired to his chamber. Miss Belmont still continuing to look dejected, Dashaway thus addressed her. "Maria, it is with the greatest grief that I see you thus depressed, because I know myself to be the innocent object of your hatred. But you do not sufficiently know my character. It is true I am considered as having been educated in the vortex of fashion, and consequently looked upon as a mere fop who is fond of being admired and vain of his personal accomplishments. Your father has hinted to me that an alliance with my family by means of his daughter would not be unacceptable to him. I know your affection for Mr. Hastings, and I know also to what length that affection has carried you, no less than to an engagement of marriage. Now can you for a moment suspect, that for the pleasure of having the finest woman I ever beheld, as my wife, I would sacrifice her future happiness? Should you think so, I beg you to have a better opinion of me as a gentleman. Believe me, Maria, when I assure you, that should Mr. Hastings return to-morrow, I would use my utmost endeavours to promote your happiness by soliciting the consent of your father to your union." "Well upon my word, Dashaway, (said Miss Carleton) I never heard you speak or saw you look so well before. I declare you are quite an orator, and a very famous one, for you make your audience respect and admire you, at the same time." "I thank you madam for the compliment you pay to me (said Dashaway,) but why does Miss Belmont remain silent?" "Sir, (said Miss Belmont,) I feel your generous conduct towards me in so sensible a manner that I can never find words adequate to the task of expressing my thanks." "Pshaw! pshaw! (said Dashaway,) all would act in my situation as I have done, could they feel, as I now do, the pleasure of conferring a benefit on the lady whom they esteem. But you surely must be fatigued with the journey, and had better retire and refresh yourself; and in the mean while, I will endeavour to reconcile your father to your alliance with Hastings, to prove to you and to the world, that although I may have the appearance of a fop, I possess the feelings of a man". So saying they went out of the



room, and in the course of an hour, Hastings, Fitzroy and myself, together with Dennis, arrived at the springs. We were ushered into a room, when Fitzroy exclaimed to Hastings, who had been remarkably dull and melancholy all day, "for shame, cheer up man; your safe arrival in your native county, the charming appearance of every thing during our journey, especially after our long voyage, you now being in the same house with the object of your affections, all should contribute to raise your spirits: instead of which you are cast down, gloomy, and void of animation." "My dear Fitzroy" said Hastings, "it is because I am under the same roof with Maria that I feel my spirits sunk and depressed. I am afraid that the information which I received at New York, is too true; this Dashaway, the favourite of her father, is certainly destined to be her husband, and"—"Poo! poo!" said Fitzroy "you torment yourself without reason; have more confidence in your own merit, and rely on the love which you have so much reason to believe Miss Belmont still preserves towards you." "But then," said Hastings "why did she come to the Springs attended by that Fop—unless—unless—Heavens, I am almost distracted.

When first Maria won my heart,  
Affection's purest passion burn'd,  
And whilst I felt love's keenest dart,  
I vainly wish'd my flame return'd.  
I found her fairest of the fair,  
Her heart as tender I believ'd,  
I thought the throne of love was there,  
Ah! how my hopes have been deceiv'd.

She views my love with cold disdain,  
My sorrows cannot touch her breast,  
And whilst unheeded I complain,  
I see a happy rival blest.  
But still Maria, cruel maid,  
If o'er my grave you heave a sigh,  
My suff'ring's all will be repaid,  
And I be happy when I die!"

"Nay, now, my dear Hastings," said Fitzroy to him, "why do you accuse Maria of falsehood, without any proof. Besides, as I before observed, place some confidence in your own merit, for take my word for it, the man who has no reliance on his own worth, however trifling it may be, is little calculated to succeed with the fair sex. Suffer me to leave you for a few minutes, and I will inquire for Mr. Belmont. I have no doubt,

when he learns that you have returned with a good fortune, that he will willingly accede to your wishes, by making his daughter and yourself happy." Fitzroy then retired, but soon returned, bringing with him the old gentleman and Dashaway, who had been successfully talking with him on the subject, and to whose persuasive arguments the arrival of Fitzroy was a powerful auxiliary. In fact, the old gentleman was soon brought to consult his daughter's happiness in preference to what he considered as her interest, in the most important transaction of her life; and having been previously assured by Dashaway, that he would never sacrifice the happiness of Miss Belmont to his own, he was on the point of consenting, when Fitzroy entered the room and brought him the intelligence that Hastings had returned master of ten thousand pounds. This decidedly turned the fluctuating scale, and it preponderated in his favour immediately. As soon as the old gentleman had welcomed his future son-in-law, the ladies were sent for, and hope once more elated the soul of Hastings. The meeting between Maria and himself was as gratifying to both as could be expected, after an absence of two years from each other. Mr. Belmont joined their hands. Dashaway, Fitzroy, and myself, congratulated the happy couple, and Dennis exclaimed, that to be sure Miss Belmont was as handsome as his own little Judy. The lively Miss Carleton then proposed that we should have a dance; but Hastings observed that since we were all as happy as we could wish to be, the better way to amuse ourselves, was, that each should give a specimen of singing. Then addressing himself to Maria, and taking her hand, he said, I will commence: and my dear girl, you must not be surprised should you be the subject of my verse.

With thee, the blessings of my life to share,  
With thee, when fortune frowns, to soothe my care,  
Sweet maid, no anguish could I ever know,  
But thy soft smiles, would banish all my wo.

"Now Miss Carleton, (continued he) favour us, if you please, with a song. Have you not some simple love ditty?" "Love indeed! (said Miss Carleton) oh no! the heavens preserve me from the misfortune of feeling any thing like love; for I have not vanity enough to suppose that I could excite a congenial flame: and of all evils, in my opinion, disappointed love is the greatest. But I'll sing you a song with pleasure.

When love the maiden's heart assails,  
What doubts and fears rise in her breast?  
Her passion o'er her sense prevails,  
In vain she sighs,—she finds no rest."



"Yes, yes," said Miss Belmont, "'tis all very true, for I have experienced it; but since I am happy with my Hastings, I will sing you the other verse.

But when she finds her flame return'd,  
And hears her lover sigh again,  
Soft rapture reigns where passion burn'd,  
And joy succeeds to every pain.

Don't you think so, captain Fitzroy?" "Indeed madam," answered Fitzroy, "I once was exactly of your opinion, respecting the blind god of love. But long since, I have given Cupid a discharge from my company, and I now believe that more joy exists in the circulating glass. But I think it is now my task to sing.

Should care oppress the languid soul,  
And should we find our spirits sinking,  
A friend advises, pass the bowl,  
For pain, the remedy is drinking.  
Let sorrow drink and pass again,  
For wine is balm to care and pain."

"Och! to be sure, your honour is right in that matter," said Dennis, "but do you see, I don't exactly agree with you for all that; for an Irishman is for having

"The joys of the glass, with a blue-ey'd lass."

"Ah! Dennis, that's true, we must have your song," said Hastings. "Arrah, your honour," said Dennis, "that's what you shall; but upon my soul I don't know what to give you;

You ask for a song, but the devil a word of one,  
Dennis remembers, to give you to day,  
Indeed I confess, that I never yet heard of one,  
That could express, what I mane it to say.  
So ladies and gentlemen, generous patrons all,  
Gratitude ever shall bind me to you;  
Both young men and husbands, and maiden's, wives, matrons, all  
Thanks for your favours, I deem justly due."

W. R. S.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## COUNTRY LIFE.

Go these with summer and with evening—go  
In the soft shadows, like some wandering man—

SHERWOOD FOREST.

I HAVE always thought, that when I bade farewell to the bustle of the crowded mart, and to the gaieties of the city, and had gone into the silence and solitude of the country, that I was exchanging the weary festivals of mirth, and the wearied penance of care, for an interval of rest and tranquillity. There was always something in rural life that delighted me, till nature, from a frequent communion with her visible forms, has become so dear to me, as always to wear a countenance of attraction and gladness. When I go into the country, I find an old friend in every grey moss-stone, a welcome in every breeze, and a smile in every leaf. The morning mists and the evening shadows, the early lark and the melancholy night-warbler, the sunny hill side and the cool woodland, the breezy upland and the quiet valley, the gushing water-fall and the silent river, the green meadow-land and the still lake sleeping in its bosom, charm me not more by their gradual interchange, and the feelings of interest they excite from the associations of early years, than by the air of beauty and cheerfulness they breathe around them, and the peculiar features of rural scenery they exhibit. Thus I have drawn aside the veil that hung between myself and nature, and become her votary from choice and not from necessity.

So sensitive am I to the impulse of these feelings and associations, that as soon as the wintry year has gone, and the earth again puts on her green and russet mantle, I bid my studies and cares god-speed, lay aside the garments of thought, and go forth into the country to enjoy the early and blushing loveliness of nature's childhood. The cool spring breezes that kiss my cheek and wanton around me in the happy May mornings, seem to promise a season of maturer beauty yet to come; and I never pluck a flower without thinking that the same pencil with which nature had painted its leaves, was already dipped in deeper hues to paint the summer landscape. The return of the Summer months I always hail as the jubilee of mirth, and the season of gayety and



good feelings. There is music in the rivulet, and in the woodland gale, there is beauty in the quivering leaf and the shadow on the hill. Nature has shed a rich enchantment over her scenery, whether it is viewed as just awakening in the beams of morning, or sleeping in the mellow and fading light of evening. When first "the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"—when the voice of the early villager, the sounds in the valley, and the mountain echoes usher in the morning, I see enough of beauty in nature to chain the enthusiast's and the poet's eye. The mists of night-fall slowly roll themselves upward from the valley, and gather and wheel round the peaks of the mountains; the green wood bows to the morning breeze, the river sweeps its solemn way, glistening and darkened by turns in the intervals of light and shade; the squirrel barks from his hollow tree, and the merry hour rings out its long welcome to the morning. Soon the blue smoke curls up from the cottage roof, the swain unpens the bleating fold, the ploughman whistles over the lea, the woodman's axe sounds on the upland, and the voice of labour cheers the morning gale.

As I always leave business and care behind me when I go into the country, and seek for health and pleasure, a bright Summer morning usually finds me with my angling-rod and line, taking a path down the hill-side, or sitting listlessly by the dark waters of the brook. Yet I am drawn into these delightful solitudes less by the amusement of angling, than by the beauty of the morning scenery and the freshness of the morning air, so that the bark of my dog not unfrequently awakens me from a day-dream, and I find myself sitting upon the brink of the rivulet with my line dangling uselessly upon the sands. I cannot boast of being a very skilful sportsman; and though I sometimes amuse myself with angling, yet I never take my gun upon my shoulder, call my dog to my side, and trudge off for a ramble among the hills in search of game, without so far forgetting the design of my excursion as to indulge my natural humour in the love of romantic scenery, and suffer the birds to sing and wanton in the green boughs above me, without a wish to blight their gladness.

But I always delighted more in the scenery of evening, than in that of morning or of noon-tide. The sun's intenser brightness becomes mellowed down to a glow of tranquillity and sere-ner beauty, the mountain shadows grow longer and longer, a deeper shade is in the valley, a deeper silence in the woodland, till day's parting smile lingers upon the hill top, and twilight draws her shadowing veil upon the earth. As I mark the distant landscape decaying in the fast gathering gloom, the streaks of day growing fewer and fainter in the west, and the mist-

robed summits of the mountains fading silently away one after another, I sit and listen to the music of rural sounds then more than ever harmonious. The hollow gale, the fall of distant waters, the evening bells, and the rustic pipe heard at intervals from the copse-wood, breath sweetly to the melancholy ear, swell over the upland, and die away in a distant cadence. Broken by frequent and irregular pauses, the sounds of youthful gayety and rural merriment are heard, when youth and age have met beneath the green-holly; and the eye, that has grown dim with the mists of years, watches the festivities of childhood. There is something truly pleasant in witnessing the sports of infancy thus brought to the feet of old age, and in seeing the two extremes in the circle of existence thus united. When I see an old man who has "borne the burden and heat of the day," sitting down in tranquillity beneath his own vine and fig-tree, and as the shadows of age deepen into the gloom of death, looking forward with the eye of cheerful hope to that hour, when the hand of time shall extinguish the taper of life, I regard him as one who has thrown aside the burden of his care, and descends gladly into the valley that is the last boundary of his journey. And whenever I witness the thoughtless gayety of youth, its prodigal mirth and its bursts of merriment, I cannot help looking forward with a melancholy eye to the vicissitudes that await it, and the trials of passion, pride, calamity, and want it must endure. Age has already borne the storm of sorrow, in which the youthful spirit, light and buoyant as it is, must grow frail and feeble, and has already undergone these chastenings of affliction, which correct the folly and thoughtlessness of youth. If in our journey of life we could rend off the veil of futurity which time but draws aside, and in the spirit of prophecy could scan the train of ills that await us, and know the pride and shame of our brief existence, we should shrink back from the verge of manhood, and faint under the burden of our fears. But the events of futurity, its blight and bloom, its sorrowings and rejoicings, are veiled in impenetrable shade, and hope alone looks into the mysteries of years. Yet as youth bounds lightly up the hill of life, and age comes tottering down, the smile with which the good old man bids the world farewell, will cheer and animate the youthful bosom with a desire to follow in the path that leads to virtue.

But as night gradually spreads her wings farther and farther across the world, the rural sounds that enlivened the summer twilight die away, and silence steals gently down. Still, now and then, the owl hoots mournfully as the night-wind disturbs her solitary mansion, the empty wain comes rattling down the road and the belated rustic closes the creaking gate. The taper beams brightly from the cottage window, whilst age with trembling



hands unclasps the volume of heavenly inspiration, and with the spirit of prayer, repeats its evening devotions. Then slumber seals the weary eye, and gives tranquillity to the train of care and the harrassed mind grows calm in forgetfulness, or cheerful in its dreams. It seems to me, that in a life like this, the current of time would steal calmly along, and that upon its bosom man's frail bark would glide peacefully out into eternity's ocean; and if I were to choose a life of quiet enjoyment, rather than one of active usefulness, I would retire to live and die in the shades of the country.

My last excursion from town was to a delightful spot where nature has blended together her richest beauties of lowland and mountain scenery. An amphitheatre of hills shut out the busy world, and in its front a wandering river swept silently away through a long reach of interval scenery. As the road wound along upon the narrow ridge of a hill, the eye of the traveller caught occasional glimpses of a clear rivulet, that rushed along in the deep valley directly beneath his feet, and above which its native mountains rose, clothed to the top with forest trees, and with dwarf pines springing from the crevices of the grey rocks. Across the brook was thrown a light rustic bridge, from which a narrow footpath wound its way up the steep and dangerous ascent of the mountains, whilst far below, the noisy mill turned busily to the swift current, as it gushed through the tangled underwood and the moss-grown stones. In the opposite valley the hand of cultivation had turned the deep furrow, and the promise of a plentiful harvest cheered the husbandman's toil.

From the mountains the view was wide and picturesque. The footpath led through the solitude of the hills, now amongst rugged and perpendicular rocks, where the ivy and the wild grape vine, hung from the shattered pinnacles,—and again through groves of gnarled beach and mountain ash, emerging upon the brow of a high precipice. From this point the view was the most striking. Far beneath, green pasture grounds and fields, where the laborious ploughshare had left its trace, stretched away to the right, and here and there, the cottage roof rose in the shade of its birchen dingle, with that tranquil air of contentment which gives the country half its charms. In front, the river wound its lazy course, and the boatman rested on his weary oar, whilst the teal and wild-duck dropped slowly down the stream, and the bittern screamed from the reedy brink. Far to the left, the hazy lake spread its blue sheet of waters, the light sail caught the Summer breeze, and the loaded barge ploughed the foam-crested wave. Still farther distant in the dim horizon, the monarch of those mountains rose high in air, whose summit was still white with the snows and hard frosts of winter, though

dark clouds hid from the eye its desolate sublimity. The sounds of rural labour came mingled from below, and broke faintly upon the ear. whilst harmonious numbers from the groves, that waved around me, seemed to give life to the beautiful forms of nature.

The scenery around the cottage of which I was an inmate, though inferior to that of the mountains, was really beautiful, and the descent of a storm from the hills which I once beheld, I think well worth describing. The air, which was still and sultry during that day, had become chill towards the close of the afternoon; and thick clouds hung dark and heavy in the west, boding a coming thunder storm, whose approach was awaited with that kind of interest and feeling, in which pleasure is mingled with the apprehension of harm. Whilst it yet delayed among the highlands, we noted those appearances which villagers consider the usual precursors of rain. The swallow skimmed along close to the earth, wheeling its flight in low circles, the rook dropt headlong through the yielding air, and the mellow tones of the black-bird's voice became high and shrill. Nearer the cottage the ducks grew noisy in the stagnant pool, the herd became restless, the spaniel slept upon the hearth-stone, and the cricket wound his shrill horn from the ruined wall. As we looked out from the open casement, a flash of lightning rent its pavillion of clouds, the thunder reverberated in the hollows of the mountains. and the light mist drove furiously into the valley. The forest-trees showed the hurried footsteps of the gale, as they bowed and shuddered beneath it; and near us, nature waited its coming with that calm and breathless stillness which usually precedes the storm. Soon the hollow wind swept by, scattering the raindrops from its wings, and gathering and whirling in its eddies, light stubble and dust, and the green leaves stript from the woodlands. In a moment, the thunder-cloud passed dark and awfully over our heads, sweeping away to the east, and pouring down upon the earth its heavy rain, with frequent and vivid lightnings. Ere long the storm had gone by, and as the last drops showered upon the roof, and pelted at the casement, the eye could follow its rapid way, as heralded by the whirlwind, it rushed over the bending forest, the cultivated vales, and the desolate hills. A calm tranquillity came again over the bosom of nature, like the stillness of feeling that steals over the human breast, when the storm of passion has passed away.

Soon the setting sun looked out from the dim haze, that lingered as the last remnant of the storm. A glow of beautiful and mellow light tinged the woodlands; and the rainbow arched the eastern cloud, like the smile of hope on the gloomy brow of



sorrow: there was fragrance and purity in the air ; a light quivering of the trees, whose leaves had taken a deeper green, and glistened with the tear-drops that fell from the clouds; the birds sang cheerfully to each other; the brook dimpled listlessly along; the herd lowed, on their homeward way; the lark sought her evening rest, and the distant waterfall played with a sullen roar, till the music of rural sounds died upon the ear in a low harmonious close. The crescent moon was in the western heaven, and the sun went down in beautiful stillness, whilst the flowers he had warmed into being sent after him a rich fragrance, like that sweet recollection of virtuous actions, which follows the good man to the grave, and embalms his memory through the lapse of years. But now, farewell again to Country Life,—to the society of nature, to the solitude of the mountains!—The cares of life have called me back into the bustling, ambitious world, and the competitions of pride have turned again into the wonted channel, the current of my thoughts. Yet when hoary autumn bears his harvest sheaf, when the hollow gale breathes through the russet valley, and the hard frost nips the fading leaf, and paints the wood with dyes of orange, and yellow, and red, that day by day will change their brighter hues for a deeper and more uniform shade, then shall the feet of the TRAVELLER revisit those haunts again, though nature has thrown down her broken and voiceless harp, and gathering her mantle of withered leaves more closely about her, sits and sighs over the ruins of her pride.

**VIATOR.**

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE MENDICANT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WOODLANDS.

ADJACENT to the northern suburbs of the city of New-York, situated on a gentle elevation, the beautiful villa of Bloomingdale attracts the admiration of the traveller; and he must be alike insensible to the charms of nature, and the elegancies of art, who visits that sweet, and quiet, and delightful spot, where the summer's sun shines upon the green trees, and the luxuriant

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gardens, and rich meadows, that adorn and encircle it, without lingering long amid the enchanting scenery, and blessing that calm and lovely home of innocence and peace. It was rightly deemed the fit abode of beauty, whose habitation should always partake of the brightness of its own heavenly lineaments. On the west the broad and ample bosom of the majestic Hudson lies full in view, covered with its little world of business, and of pleasure, floating beneath the wide spread canvas: on the east an outstretched landscape, diversified with the various tokens of rural wealth, and thriving agriculture; while the southern prospect is bounded by the lofty steeples and magnificent buildings of the distant city; and, on the north an occasional vestage of forest scenery represents nature in her rustic dress, advancing thus far towards the empire of art. Meantime the gentle villa, lying between these rival domains, partakes of the blendid beauties of each.

It was here, in a little mansion, hid away among a cluster of overshadowing trees, that Emily Clarence, and her sister resided, orphan girls—left early in life unblest by the golden smiles of fortune, but endowed by nature with those charms both of person and mind, which form at once the richest and choicest gems in nature's cabinet—they gained an elegant support by the unaided efforts of their own constant industry, and lived in that comparative affluence and independence which always comes to the reward of the virtuous and ingenious, who, despising the sickly maxims of some too fashionable schools, esteem it honourable to be useful and industrious. But though in this respect, the young ladies professed and acted on similar opinions, in some other particulars, they were of different dispositions. Emily professed much of the sprightly, romantic spirit of a girl of seventeen—full of life, activity, and joy: delighting others, and always delighted herself; kind, benevolent, and amiable. Her sister, who was older, though not less good and amiable, was of a more serious and contemplative mind, and ran into few of the little extravagancies of sentiment and action, for which Emily had always been remarkable, and which shone forth in her character more conspicuously as time progressed.

One beautiful afternoon in June, while Emily was walking in the garden attached to the dwelling, among her favourite flowers, a pretty little girl came running up to her, and told her there was a poor sick beggar at the door, who seemed almost starving, and asked her if she might have a piece of bread to give him. The kind young lady, part of whose happiness had always been derived from ministering to the wants of the wretched and destitute, and binding up the bleeding wounds of grief, interested by the narration, went herself to the door, to see the



object of the child's solicitude. There an interesting scene presented itself:—a group of gazing school children surrounded a pale, emaciated man, apparently not yet middle aged, but bearing every mark of the rude visitings of bitter misfortune; tattered, worn down, and apparently covered with the dust of a long day's travel. He leaned feebly on the fence, and ate eagerly of the food the children gave him, and drank of the cool water they brought him from a neighbouring spring—and as he beheld them crowd around him, with each some little article of food, pressing him to take and eat, and saw the anxiety depicted in their youthful faces, and the kindness that shone forth in each juvenile countenance, he muttered something in a strange language to himself, and the tears flowed down a cheek, furrowed before its meridian, by the tears of care.

She stood a moment, contemplating this novel spectacle; and then advanced to question the poor unfortunate as to his situation. He pulled off his hat as she approached, bowed respectfully, and answered to her inquiries, that he was houseless and friendless, faint and sick, destitute of money or the means of procuring his daily bread, which for many weary days he had received from the cold hand of charity, but which now, as he could no longer travel, he could scarcely hope for. He spoke in broken English, and concluded his reply by an earnest entreaty for a shelter, and food to supply the cravings of nature. “I would not eat the bread of idleness,” said he; “I will labour. I will do any thing for you with a light and thankful heart, only let me have bread and water and a place to lay my head; for sorrow, fatigue, and penury have produced exhaustion; a fever is upon me, the dews are cold at night; and though death may soon terminate all my sufferings, and seal up for ever my sorrows with my destiny. I have prayed that I may not die like a miscreant in the public road, or end a weary life the abject mendicant I now appear.”

There was something of pathos in this supplication, something of that deep and indescribable feeling in the manner of its delivery, and a certain air accompanying both, which seemed to bespeak a noble mind, fallen, or falling into almost inexplicable ruin. The young lady's feelings were enlisted in behalf of the suffering stranger, and, as she saw that he was incapabale of every thing like severe bodily exertion, she told him he might stay at her house awhile and employ himself as his strength would admit, in the garden. A bed was prepared for him in the Summer-house, and every attention paid to his immediate wants. Her care soon met the reward she most earnestly hoped for. The stranger's health improved daily, and after a few weeks he became, by no means an unprofitable domestic. He laboured assiduously, and

refused every compensation beyond that he first contracted for, with the exception indeed, of some half worn clothes which were procured for him ; he added to industry a complying disposition ; he occasionally did little errands, carefully cultivated Emily's favourite flowers, pruned the fruit trees, and though evidently unacquainted with the minutia of gardening, he kept it with a little direction, in excellent order.

But save that in word and deed he ever manifested the most heart-felt gratitude towards his fair benefactress, he proved in general a silent, retiring incommunicative man. He held no intercourse with any. He answered to the common appellation of "The Gardener," and breathed not a word respecting his own history, his name, his country or his misfortunes. Though his manners, and his circumstances had not failed to create some interest in the minds of the Miss Clarences, they deemed him one of those whose sorrows probably had their origin in crime, or gross imprudence, and forebore to pry into the secrets of a bosom whose happiness perhaps depended upon an utter oblivion of the past. So tender were they of the feelings even of those whom accident or birth had placed so far below them in point of rank and honour ; so pure and unmixed was the cup of charity they offered to the needy.

It befits us now, however, to leave for a while the rural shades of Bloomingdale, in quest of some other adventures, which, in their issue, had an intimate connection with our narration. No virtuous action passes unrewarded in the sight of heaven, and from deeds of charity ascends as pure an incense, as from the performance of any duty enjoined by the christian's creed. The reward allotted to Emily Clarence was no less singular than complete. But this is a digression.

About two years before the period of which we have been speaking, Col. Von W——, the heir of a noble title and princely estate in Holland, the country of his nativity, was employed in the execution of a military commission in Spain ; and having acquitted himself with distinguished honour, was ordered home to receive as the reward of his pre-eminent merit, a high and dignified office under the newly formed government of the King of the Netherlands. Elated with youthful hope and high anticipations of future glory, and filled with longing desires to rest once more in the bosom of his paternal home, and mingle in the loved society of relatives and friends, he flew to Cadiz, and took passage to Amsterdam on board a Spanish brig, embarked all his effects, and the next morning beheld the coast of Spain rapidly sinking, far off in the eastern horizon. The vessel had a rapid run before a fine stiff breeze, through the whole of the long Summer day, and when it died away at night-fall, the crew found



themselves half across the Bay of Biscay. The beautiful twilight of the mellow season fell calm and soft upon the tranquil bosom of the dark blue sea, and the passengers all collected on the deck to enjoy the cool and playful breeze that flapped the loose sails and sported round the gallant ship, and to look upon the star-lit sky, spangled with its universe of worlds. The peaceful aspect of the elements soothed, in the most timid minds, every dread of danger, and each heart was full of happy dreams; when a voice from the mast head gave notice that a sail was in sight, apparently bearing down upon them.

Though the circumstance excited but little alarm, it was judged advisable to avoid the stranger, if possible, until daylight, and measures to that effect were accordingly taken. It soon appeared evident, however, that this could not be done. The approaching sail grew more distinct, and a little after midnight she hailed the brig, and ordered her in Spanish and English, to round to; the first symptom of a disposition to disobey was checked by a shot, and in an hour afterwards a boat rowed along side, and the brig was boarded by about a dozen men, armed with pistol's and cutlasses. The commander of this crew, after a moments conversation with the Captain, placed one of his men at the helm, ordered the captain, his mate, and two of the sailors on board his ship, and then walking down the companion way, said in a loud voice, "go below, go below." This was the first intimation decisive of their fate, that Col. Von W——, and his fellow passengers had. They were prisoners. The vessel now along side, was a patriot privateer, and they were destined for South America. Thus vanished the morning, the noon-day, and the evening dream of pleasure and prosperity, in the chill doom of a long and lingering, to some an almost hopeless captivity.

After a tedious passage of fifty nine days, the privateer on board of which the Colonel and his servant were, came in sight of the Venezuelan coast, and anchored in the evening in a broad bay opposite a small village. The sight itself was exhilarating; and after his long journey on the water the Colonel earnestly desired permission to go on shore and remain during the time the vessel lay at anchor. As the commander of the privateer had not professed to consider him as a prisoner, leave was readily granted, on condition, however, that his servant and all his effects should remain in the mean time on board; a point which the captain insisted on, on the ground that he felt bound to deliver his distinguished guest into the hands of the executive of his government, deeming, he said, that it would be a peculiar pleasure to those authorities to manifest their friendship towards the prince of Orange, by their hospitable treatment of one who had the honour to be his

friend as well as subject. This was all plausible enough. No objection was made on the part of Colonel Von W——, and he was accordingly sent ashore. Next morning however, his surprize may well be imagined, when he discovered that the privateer had sailed, and that with the exception of some small craft, there was not a vessel remaining in sight.

The whole turned out to be a sheer imposition, practiced upon him by the Captain and his own faithless servant. The Colonel had property on board the vessel, to the amount of several thousand dollars, in presents, specie, &c. All his papers, even those necessary to the establishment of his character and circumstances, and his very wearing apparel, had been left behind. He found himself dressed in such common clothes as he used to wear on the deck of the crowded, uncleanly ship, a stranger to the place, the people, and in a great measure, the language, without the means of paying for the night's lodging he had enjoyed. No one believed his story, he was considered an imposter, and at first thrown into the common goal. Meantime the privateer reached her destined port, almost a thousand miles distant. According to agreement, the Captain received two thirds of the Colonel's property as his booty, and presented in turn the servant who had thus villainously betrayed his master, as Von W——, himself. He was well treated, and permitted to sail for the continent of Europe soon after, whither he carried his ill-gotten share of his plundered master's property.

After a detention in goal of more than three months, Colonel Von W—— was released, on condition of enlisting in the patriot service. His necessities induced him to adopt this alternative. The company to which he was attached took the field, and in an action with a small body of Spanish light troops, about three weeks after, it was completely cut up and dispersed. Although he avoided the fate of most of his companions in arms, and succeeded in escaping from the conflict unhurt, he soon found his situation less enviable than that of those who fell in the battle storm. The enemy gave no quarter, but hunted down and slew the fugitives wherever they were found. With great difficulty, and after encountering many hazards, he succeeded in reaching a small town on the sea-coast, where he found an English sloop on the point of sailing for one of the West India Islands. He bargained with the captain for a birth on board, and sailed in the capacity of a common seaman. The vessel arrived at its destination, but the Colonel found he had only exchanged one scene of misery for another, for after having assisted in unloading the sloop, he was discharged, and found himself as destitute as before, without the means of procuring a meal's victuals, having



no money, and being unable to procure employment, even in the meanest occupations.

From the time of his misfortune in Venezuela, the object of his constant aim was to escape to Europe, in almost any part of which he knew he could find those who would facilitate his return to Holland, or, in case that was impossible, he had hope of meeting with assistance from some of the Dutch consuls in the West Indies or in America. He had been permitted to lodge in a mean negro cabin several nights, and used to go every day down to the wharves to look out for an opportunity of getting a passage across the Atlantic, or to some port where a consul of his nation resided. One morning while paying his usual visit, he was accosted by a gentleman, in the English language, which he imperfectly understood, and asked if he would go with him to Quebec—"I shall embark to-morrow," the stranger added, "and as I understand you are out of employment, and desirous of leaving this place, if you please you may have a passage with me." So unused had he been to the accents of kindness, and so much true benevolence appeared in the tone and manner of the stranger, that he accepted the offer with tears of gratitude. But misfortune seems always loth to desert its victim. He had scarcely got out of sight of land before the character of the English commander underwent an entire change. The mild, and gentle, and winning mein gave place to a haughty, imperious, and tyrannic air; and all the manners of the gentleman were lost in the ferociousness of the unchained despot. The fact was, the Briton had lost several of his crew by desertion, since his arrival in the West Indies, in consequence of his ill-usage, and resorted to the borrowed exterior in which he met the Colonel, as a means to complete the necessary number of assistants. A narrative of uniform and constant suffering, however, would tire and disgust rather than interest the reader. It will be sufficient to say the vessel arrived after a long and gloomy passage, at her place of destination, and the unfortunate victim of an adverse fate, broken down, in body and in spirit, experienced at last a far more thrilling joy when he was discharged, than he felt when rescued from threatened starvation, in the distant and inhospitable island. His life had been prolonged but his ill-fortune had as yet clung to him with a grasp that death, it seemed, was only able to unloose.

The winter season in that northern climate, had now far advanced, and the trade was principally closed for the year; so that all opportunity of going from thence to Holland was past. In New York, a Dutch consul resided; and from thence the means of a passage to Europe were frequent and uninterrupted. These were circumstances which naturally attracted his atten-

tion towards that city. New York, he thought, would be the termination of his wanderings in that condition. Impatient of delay, spurred on by hope, which had once more lit up its flame in his bosom, feeble as he was, he resolved to prosecute a journey to this last port of promise. He travelled on, depending day by day, on the bounty of those he found in his way, and made tolerable progress, until he was finally attacked by disease, a couple of days journey from Albany; then he would have perished on the road, but for the kindness of a farmer who found him lying, cold and exhausted, on the ground, and took him to his own house, where he remained, until early in the spring, an invalid. His health and strength recruited however, and he was able to reach New York, in a short time after the weather allowed him to travel.

It was late in the evening when he arrived in the suburbs of the city, and with a palpitating heart he inquired for the residence of the consul for Holland. It was long before he could find any one to direct him; at last he got the necessary information, and stood upon the steps of the consul's house, and rang the bell, in the full confidence that all his trials were ended, and that he would be immediately recognized and sent home. It was a cold night, and he waited, and waited, and then rang again. At last a servant came, and, half opening the door, inquired what was wanting. "Is the consul at home?" asked Von W—. A surly "No," was the reply—and the door was shut abruptly in his face. He rang again, however, and at last brought a less insolent servant to the door, from whom the dismal tidings was obtained, that the consul was absent on a distant journey, and was not expected back for a long time.

Here then seemed to be the last decisive blow, Von W—, had struggled against the unrelentings of his fate—he had met his misfortunes like a man; and when worn down by the long protracted sufferance of evil, he had been on the grave, one hope still sprung up green in his breast; new strung his sinking frame, and bore him forward, through hardships and sickness to this very hour. He had clung to it as a drowning mariner clings to the broken fragment of his wrecked vessel; and it was now gone, sunk, forever. He had told his story, and found every ear incredulous, and every one ready with a sneer. He made his resolution,—“I will leave,” he said, “my future destiny to Heaven—it is no doubt rightly ordered that I suffer—I will meet whatever is before me with resignation.” From that hour he ceased to speak of himself, or to strive to interest any one in his favour. He sought to maintain himself by engaging in whatever occupation offered; his ragged appearance, debared him from all but the meanest and lowest; at one time he was



employed in rolling barrels for a grocer, and while in that occupation he received a hurt which rendered him helpless. He lodged at a low, obscure boarding-house, in a dirty slip, until his little means were entirely exhausted, and was then turned out into the street, weak, emaciated, and ragged, to beg or starve.

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But we have been already too long absent from our sweet village of Bloomingdale. Let us hasten back. The Summer was advanced, the harvest in the surrounding country was gathered in, and vegetation, having reached its maturity, began to put on the yellow livery of approaching Autumn. Emily Clarence's favourite gardener remained still at her hospitable mansion, and still remained the silent unassuming man he was at first. But he had wonderfully improved in health, and his appearance and manners were often noticed as remarkable. As his business diminished however, and as the certain prospect of its termination was fast hastening, he evidently began to think about preparing for a change of residence—and one morning approaching Emily as she was walking among her flowers in her favourite arbour, he asked her very respectfully, whether in the circle of her acquaintances she knew of any one who was going soon to Holland. She replied that a friend of hers in the city was concerned in a ship, as part owner, which was to sail for Amsterdam in a few days. "For Amsterdam!" exclaimed he, a tear of joyful surprise starting in his eye—"but madam will you be so kind as to tell me how I may send a letter by that ship?" "I am going this afternoon to the city," replied Emily, "and if you prepare your letter I will take it down and put it in the post-office, from whence it will doubtless go safe." The gardener bowed; expressed his gratitude and begged the favour of ink and paper. It was furnished him, and Emily retired to her chamber.

Late in the afternoon as she was entering a carriage to ride to New York, the gardener whose request she had forgotten, came hastily to her and handed her the letter she had promised to take charge of. She looked at the superscription—it was directed to "Baron Von W——, Amsterdam," written in an elegant hand. She recollected having heard of that nobleman—and that he was reputed one of the most wealthy, as well as one of the most able and influential of the aristocracy of Holland. "The Baron Von W——," exclaimed Emily, and pray what business can you have with him? "Madam," replied the gardener, in a voice half smothered with the burst of feeling occasioned by so natural a question—"madam—he is my father!" "Your father!"—"Yes; I am the unfortunate son of Baron Von

W——;” and he hastily withdrew, without waiting for a further question.

This singular disclosure awakened a train of emotions in Emily’s bosom as she rode into the city. She remembered—and the recollection now fastened itself with an almost supernatural power upon her mind, that when a gay giddy girl of thirteen, in England, a fortune teller had predicted that she would marry a Baron, and had even described a person who bore every resemblance to the gardener. She resolved on her return to ascertain whether he could give any evidence of the truth of his assertion. She accordingly inquired into his history—he gave it as has been already narrated—for he was the same Col. Von W——, whom we have accompanied from Spain, through all his vicissitudes, to the city of New York, from whence he had wandered to Bloomingdale on the day that Emily found him a beggar at her door. She found too that he was master of several languages, and of all the useful as well as elegant accomplishments common to the most distinguished of the European nobility. She believed his story, though she remained, for the time, alone in her belief; and immediately advanced him the funds necessary to enable him to appear in his proper character, inviting him at the same time to make her house his home while he remained in America.

Gratitude is a governing principle in every noble mind. But intimate association soon gave birth to even a more heavenly passion. Emily Clarence had long been the object of his adoration—she became the idol of his love. I will not lengthen out the story. They married and were happy. For a season Emily endured the scorn, open and avowed, of all her relatives, who, believing her husband an imposter, despised her for marrying, as they supposed, a beggar. She bore it all silent and uncomplaining. But when a few months afterwards her husband was accosted in one of the crowded aisles of St. Paul’s Church, by a stranger just landed from Holland, recognized as the heir of the house of Von W——, and greeted as Baron, his father being now dead, and himself the possessor of all his titles and estates, the crowd of fawning sycophants was numberless. Those friends and relatives who had before treated them with so much scorn, were now informed that they might continue at the distance they had been the first to choose. “Had my husband been a beggar,” Emily said, “they might have treated him with some degree of kindness for my sake; now I will not suffer them to pay those honours to our title, which they would not pay to ourselves.”

Meantime the consul for Holland returned from his long absence, and having learned the particulars of this extraordinary



case, called upon the Baron, and expressed the deepest regret that his absence had deprived him of the happiness of affording him assistance when he most needed it. Now, however, he advanced him such sums as were necessary, and had a vessel elegantly fitted up for his accommodation in his passage to Amsterdam.

Late in the fall, Emily and her husband sailed for Holland. They were received at Amsterdam with splendid honours. The barge of the Prince of Orange conveyed them to the shore. The bells were rung and a day of public festivity succeeded. The Baron immediately entered into possession of his immense estates—and Emily from the mistress of a sweet little cottage in Bloomingdale, became mistress of a palace in Amsterdam.

Early in the next season the Baron and his lady made the tour of Europe. Standing on an eminence which overlooked the field of Waterloo, Emily's romantic spirit suggested the remark "What a delightful spot for a Summer residence." The next Summer came. Emily was again invited with a large company, to pay a visit to that same celebrated spot. Arrived on the bluff she had admired a year before, she found a splendid palace completely furnished, and as the party was shown into the dining room, the Baron led his Emily forward until they stood before a large and superb painting representing the beggar at the door of Emily Clarence, receiving that charity to which he was indebted for life, and all the blessings which now crowned it.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

THE number of eloquent preachers at the present day, or in fact at any former period, bears no proportion to the number of eloquent men in other departments of life; and it is a loud and universal complaint, that those whose theme is at once the most important and inspiring, whose field of illustration and argument is at least as extensive as any, and whose patronage and distinction in society, are second to those of no other class, should yet be the most languid and listless in their public addresses, the most cold in their appeals either to the passions or the judgment, of any who habitually appear before the world.

We are not among the number of those, who doubt either the learning, the fidelity, the zeal, or the talents of the clergy generally. We have not a doubt that the greater part of their body, enforce by the purity of their lives, the spirit of their precepts; that if their labours are less useful, their discourses less eloquently pronounced, than their talents and their erudition would lead us to expect, the causes thereof are obvious, weighty, of long standing, and over which they can individually have no controul.

What are some of these causes? The most striking are, in our opinion, the following: written discourses, a technical phraseology, too laborious duties, a habit encouraged by the spirit of age, of dwelling upon controversial minutia, and travelling far into the recesses of doctrine. Lest any should doubt the existence of the above named causes, as obstacles to pulpit eloquence, or question the degree of their influence, we will, though at the hazard of wearying our readers, proceed to explain our views of each of them. Neither of these we contend, are necessary evils, and we shall, therefore, be the more free in our remarks upon them.

1. *Written Discourses.*—Every one knows that eloquence is the offspring of the excitement of public assemblies, that it lives only in thoughts there first poured forth, however earnestly weighed and revolved by previous study; that experience, reflection, and history assure us, that extemporaneous addresses to the feelings, the reason and the conscience, are its only legitimate field. Ideas a week or two old, words chosen in the solitude of our closet, under no excitement, committed to paper and read off, exactly as the productions of another would be read, can never make a man eloquent; nay, they must, in all ordinary cases, forever render him indifferent. The lawyer, who has committed his plea to memory, and recites it, *verbatim et literatim*, to a jury or the court, appears like a school-boy; the senator who gravely reads with spectacles on his nose, his views of political questions, puts his audience to sleep, or disperses them from the field; and why should it be otherwise with the discourses of divines, which present the same great obstacles to interest, and in which every thing new, eloquent, ingenious or learned, is met by the thought that is read and not uttered, that it is composition, and not the offspring of the time or place!—The faults of such discourses we will not overlook, for they have had time and study devoted to them; their beauties, which may have been borrowed, or which may have been stolen, receive from us a very faint and doubtful applause. The most eloquent of our preachers under the present system incur this charge, viz. that they are no more eloquent in the pulpit than



in the closet, that the solemnity of their situations as the oracles of God to man, proclaiming his greatness and breathing his precepts, and the sympathies of an excited audience, have no room to animate their zeal, or fire their eloquence. Many of these written discourses are able, they are almost eloquent, but if the preacher were called on to address an audience without notes, would he not use very different language? Would he not make a far more direct and lively appeal to their passions, their judgment, and their conscience? His language would, then, be that of his own mind and heart, that inspired by the solemn majesty of the temple of God, by the silence of a sympathizing assembly, by the spirit of the holy scriptures, his only book of reference: "Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires," his sentiments would kindle responsive ardour in the breasts of his hearers. Like all similar productions, grammatical correctness and critical precision, would be often wanting, but their superior warmth and eloquence would blind us to the deficiency.

2. Technical language.—It is a fault not much insisted on, but in which divines above all others indulge, of expounding simple truths in far-fetched and technical phrases, and in this way darkening the clearest of their moral injunctions, and destroying the efficacy of their most eloquent remonstrances. "Technical terms" says an able writer "have been the lights of science, but in many instances, the shades of religion." To talk to an audience of climbing the hill of Zion, of turning from the backslidings of the world, of grace, covenant, tribulation, and a thousand similar expressions never used but in the pulpit, conveys indirect, feeble, and obscure meanings. To the well educated they are no better than plain illustrations of our duty, in the classical style of our country and age, with practical precepts for following it; to the ignorant they serve merely to dazzle or confound. To all classes indeed, is the gospel preached; but how is it preached? Is it dealt out in the language of the moment, plain, forcible and distinct; or is it filtered through scriptural forms and trammelled by technical obscurities? These expressions indeed, originated in scripture and are excellent in their place; but they are distorted from their original sense, or worn thread-bare by eternal repetition, and an hundred different ways by the same writer, and every way, of course, obscure.

We may be allowed to doubt, how far such expressions can be considered sacred, when we reflect that they give no proof of elevated thoughts, and much inferior writing is loaded with them; that they are too familiar to afford any evidence of scriptural knowledge, and that their repetition has wholly exhausted their native solemnity.

Lastly, with respect to the engagements, and the controver-

cies attendant upon the sacred office, as obstacles to pulpit eloquence.

It is a remark we have often heard repeated by men themselves of the highest talents, that the present duties of a minister, are too much for the ordinary talents and industry of man; that they are more than are accomplished in other professions by men of greater energy, and that they are often made the apology of negligence, or if faithfully followed up, the health or the life of the preacher, is the price paid for their fulfilment. The propriety of controversy, *at all*, is a point much disputed; this however, we may be permitted to say; that the subject of such controversies are, at least, obscure and vague; that they are above the comprehension of the lower orders of society, to whom preaching is particularly valuable; that they are far removed from the field of our virtues and our vices, our moral good or ill, and have no sort of application to common life, its duties, its trials, and its rewards. They cannot be the source of legitimate eloquence, since they are points on which no two men exactly sympathise, and the zeal that they inspire, we greatly fear is sometimes the pride of personal opinion, or the fire of sectional antipathy. They are sometimes enforced while morals are forgotten; and sometimes deter the really good from exertion, and bring despair on the humble inquirer after the right, by their subtlety, their inconsistency, or their number.

We have thus pointed out what we look upon as the great check to pulpit eloquence, and again repeat our innocence of any intention to disturb the feelings or lessen the influence of any of the clergy.

May they all continue as heretofore, to

“Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.”

We sincerely believe that as the above obstacles decrease, the spirit, the force, and the eloquence of their discourses will strengthen.

Providence, R. I. June, 1824.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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PODAGRÆ LEVAMEN;

OR

EXTRACTS FROM A BACHELOR'S CHRONICLE.

No. VI.

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Varium et mutabile semper.—*Virgil.*

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AN OLD MAID'S CONFESSION.

[Continued from page 57.]

—What say you to this my masters?.....THOMAS DECKER.

\*\*\* “Miss Siddonia Everbloom, as you well know, in a few days you will have completed your eighteenth year. As at that age you will make your entrance into the world, I intend at this time to give you some wholesome advice, to which you will please give me your attention.”—“Yes ma’am,”—“As I shall shortly be obliged to loosen the reigns by which, for so long a period I have held you tightly under my restriction, you must consider yourself a woman, and as such behave, which I hope you will be enabled to do, else my counsels and instructions have been as useless as the pouring of water into a pierced vessel; and I”—“My worthy madam, I have thus far implicitly obeyed you, and I hope my future conduct will not merit your reprehension.” “I hope so too,” said she, “for I should be very loath to suppose you did not intend to abide by those rules, which for your correct carriage through life, I have so assiduously striven to impress upon your mind. Siddonia, the most trying period of your existence will shortly arrive. You are about to launch into a new and untried world. You will be struck with wonder and astonishment at much you will see; but be not dazzled nor elated by what you behold. Be very slow, be very careful in choosing a friend. Youth is sanguine and unsuspecting, and too ready to choose, hence it has often to deplore misplaced confidence. But do choose a friend; in true friendship consists earth’s happiness, and young more than aged persons require to have some one in whom they may confide. The tears of friendship in the hour of distress are balm to the scathed heart; emollient and healing. How beautifully is it described by

that neglected poet, William Thompson." She here rose from her seat, and opening a book-case, drew from it a volume, and read the following lines to me, which are so exquisite, that it will not be taking up room unnecessarily to quote them.

Friendship is a religion, from the first,  
 The second best; it points, like that, to heaven,  
 And almost antedates on earth its bliss.  
 But vice and folly never friendship knew;  
 Whilst wisdom grows by friendship still more wise.  
 Her fetters are a strong defence; her chains  
 A robe of glory; Ophir gold her bands;  
 And he who wears them, wears a crown of joy.  
 Friendship's the steel, which struck, emits the sparks  
 Of candour, peace, benevolence and zeal;  
 Spreading their glowing seeds—A holy fire,  
 Where honour beams on honour, truth on truth;  
 Bright as the eye of angels and as pure;  
 An altar, whence two gentle—loving hearts  
 Mount to the skies in one conspiring blaze,  
 And spotless union. 'Tis the nectar stream,  
 Which feeds and elevates seraphic love——  
 Health is disease, life death, without a friend.

My good governess said a great deal more respecting my selection of a friend (trite enough to be sure;) and much more about the course I was to pursue in my walk through life: frequently interlarding her speech with wholesome directions, and pithy aphorisms, which, would have been vastly worth the attention of my female reader, but fearing that to the generality of them they would be very "dry," I have had kind heartedness enough to omit them. At length she concluded by telling me, that on my birth day, I was to attend a public ball, and for the first time make my appearance in the world. What I felt on the occasion it is needless to express; every female will easily imagine.

At length the wished for night arrived, and with a buoyant but apprehensive heart, I set out with the worthy Mrs. Wintertop, for the ball room. I was habited in a bobbin-net dress with a rich border over a white satin petticoat, and a spenser of the same colour with short sleeves composed of lace and satin: a bouquet of natural flowers adorned my head; and I wore silk stockings and white shoes. As we proceeded, my governess was by no means sparing of her advice; and among other things she said, "to all the questions, Siddonia, proposed to you by the gentlemen, you must answer with good nature, even should they



be nonsense as they most generally are, you must titter ; should they be in the grave mood, you must be solemn." "And do men talk nonsense!" "The young men, my dear, talk rarely any thing else; but you must appear mightily pleased with all they do or say." "So I am to understand that when men play the fool they must be laughed at, instead of being looked upon with contempt and disgust." "Aye, such is the way of the world, Siddonia." "Then I fear I shall not be like other females."

When I entered the Ball room, the superb and glittering dresses, the splendid blaze of light flowing from the magnificent lustres, chandelabræ and girandoles, filled me with wonder and admiration. Secluded as I had been from the world, this sudden transition had a wonderful effect upon my young mind ; and when I beheld the gentlemen handing the ladies into the room, I could not think they were so insignificant as Mrs. Wintertop had represented them. I was soon introduced to a gentleman. He was what is now called a dandy, but then a macaroni. Mrs. Wintertop gently trod on my toe, to put me in mind of her directions. or, as she sometimes elegantly expressed herself, "to mind my P's and Q's." The starched piece of affectation that stood before me, aptly reminded me of Shakspeare's fop. After pulling at his neck cloth, and opening a handkerchief perfumed even to sickness, and daintily putting it to his nose, he asked me if I didn't feel it insufferably warm—I felt Mrs. Wintertop's toe—"Yes sir," though, in truth, I felt otherwise. "A brilliant assembly." "Yes sir, quite so." "You wasn't I believe at Mrs. Turnpenny's ball last night?" "No sir, I had not that pleasure." "We had a most delightful squeeze, I assure you, all bustle and confusion; by the by, I understand the old screw her husband isn't worth two pence; actually smashed, broke, failed, knock'd under last Wednesday—vulgar old hunks—such folks deserve to be ruined who attempt to copy us (drawing himself up and looking with an eye of satisfaction at his figure). The arrogance of some people in imitating their betters is unsufferable. Ha! ha! ha! a most ludicrous circumstance occurred—'pon honor, a good joke—poor Mr. and Mrs. Turnpenny—I think I see their looks now—ha! ha! (coughs) Oh, my troublesome hacking cough come agen—it will be the death of me some of these days, I expect. But as I was saying, my dear Miss Blushington—I ask your pardon, Miss Everbloom I should say—such an occurrence. You must know old Turnpenny is a blunt vulgar old codger—never been used to the *beau-monde*, and a plaguy bore sometimes ; miserly old fellow, fond of making money though ; thought to make an immense sum by embarking all his property in a speculation: it failed, and he smash'd, determined to blow it out, and let his wife give a ball, the expense of which comes out of the pockets of his

creditors, a set of unconscionable men, not content with four shillings in the pound—Oh! I forgot the accident, he! he! The waiter was handing round the wines and cordials, when old Turnpenny, in his eagerness to show his attention to his visitors, unluckily struck against the elbow of the waiter, and down went the liquor and the glasses. Poor Turnpenny and his wife stood as if they were petrified. Ten new superb gowns were ruined, two ladies thrown into hystericks, three times the number wounded by the glass, and old Miss Frostyface fainted, he! he! such a time! Bless my soul, why you can't have an idea of the confusion—such bawling, calling, crying, never was heard, and in the midst of it, I with some more bloods decamped. Ah! ha! (affectedly eying some one through a glass) as I live my old chum, Jack Lightfoot. Excuse me, must say how do you do: hav'nt seen him before for a month of Sundays. Why, Jack, Jack Lightfoot!"—and the puppy left me.

By the bustle and confusion in the room, I found myself soon after, near him and his friend, Jack Lightfoot. I suppose. They were deeply engaged in talking, I feigned attention to what was passing, whilst I really strained my ear to overhear the two beaux. "Who is she?" "Miss Everbloom, a piece of insipidity. I flatter myself I surprised her just now with my style. I thought I would countenance her—no beauty." "I bar that—she has fifty thousand charms." "What! hey, the devil!" "Fact by Jupiter, an only daughter, with the certainty of a plum when her father dies, who by the by, they say is going fast. "Heaven take him to its mercy, say I." "Amen, to that, Lightfoot; but say no more, she's mine." "You forget, Witless—I thought I would countenance her—no beauty," (grimacing.) "But you have displayed her charms to me in the most irresistible light" returned Witless." "A green one, however, just let loose, I take it, from her governesses apron strings: just see now how unsophisticated she looks, sitting by that frumpish, wrinkled up old creature." I believe Mrs. Wintertop was playing the eves dropper as well as myself, for I perceived that she became very uneasy at these observations. "By her vinegar aspect, I should opine she were a tartar," said Lightfoot.

This was more than Mrs. Wintertop's good nature could bear; muttering something about the disagreeableness of her situation, she asked me to go with her to another part of the saloon. The dancing commenced and I stood up. I found behind me "shallow brained" Witless engaged in talking with a number of his own stamp. "Miss Everbloom." "What, the heiress?" "The same." "What a prize for some fellow! what a happy man will be her husband!" "Think so," said Witless, "'pon my soul I am happy to hear you say it, for I assur-



edly will be that enviable mortal." "He! he! ha! you marry her!" "Aye, so it is decreed." "You are engaged then?" "No, not absolutely, bona-fide engaged, but I flatter myself there can be no doubt of my being the favoured fellow. I can say with out vanity, that she must be made of impenetrable stuff indeed, if she could view my figure and address with indifference—she must be more than woman to withstand my dress and carriage." "Pray Witless how long have you known her?" "I was introduced to her about twenty minutes ago." "And in so short an acquaintance to talk as you do! a hundred to one you don't get her." "Done, done." "By the by, Witless, how is that affair with Clementine, settled?" "Which, the little milliner?" "Aye." "Oh, she's in the city, and bores me cursedly. I'll give any one a cool hundred or two to rid me of her, by."——

I heard no more, for I was obliged to turn off. The dance ended, I resumed my seat, and soon was addressed by a number of coxcombs:

"With fashions, scandal and with foily fraught,"

And "brain of ether," pouring "rapid nothings" into my ears.

I listened to, and answered them as well as I could, in my state of feelings. At length, wearied, tired and disgusted, with the frothy fools that surrounded me, with Mrs. Wintertop, I sought my home! Is it, thought I, such brainless creatures as I have met with to night, that women think worthy of their duty. I'd rather lead a druggist's life than be the wife of one of such apes. Oh! women! women! how can you forget yourselves so far as to dally and be pleased with them. Assert your rights, nature never intending that you should thus debase yourselves, *be* women. The impression which the circumstances of that evening made on me have never been erased from my memory. I entered the world expecting to behold in men something to love and admire, but alas, how was I disappointed! My governess did not long survive the ball: a severe cold taken at it, carried her off just two weeks after. She left me a voluminous manuscript, written by herself for my instruction, but I have never had patience enough to read it through.

Not long after the death of Mrs. Wintertop, it pleased an all wise Creator, to deprive me of my father. He had for a number of years been labouring under a disease, which at last terminated his existence. As his only child, his property devolved to me. By will, he left me under the care and guardianship of Mr. Worthington, a very amiable gentleman, with whom my father had been united in the bonds of sincere friendship, from childhood.

On my re-appearance in the world, as I expected, the knowledge of my wealth brought around me swarms of fools, fortune-

hunters, and knaves. Oh, how I despised them! for I felt assured, that not one of them sought a connexion with me, from disinterested motives. Could the "*fond souls*" have *read* in my countenance, the contempt I *felt* for them, I do not think I should have been troubled by their tiresome, and impertinent addresses; but while I inwardly despised, I had to tolerate them, with apparent good humour, "*suiting my face to all occasions.*" Thus is woman ever the slave to man, how true, how very true, are those lines:

How hard is the condition of our sex!  
Thro' every state of life, the slaves of men!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;  
Proud with opinion of *superior* reason,  
He holds domestic business, and devotion,  
All *we* are capable to know, and shuts us  
Like cloistered ideots, from the world's acquaintance.  
And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are *we*  
Born with *high* souls, but to *assert* ourselves,  
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,  
And claim an equal empire o'er the world.

But as I wish to avoid tediousness, I shall not enter into a circumstantial detail of all my transactions with *man*. E. R., (Mr. Soberlove if you please) has with the most inveterate spirit, endeavoured to ridicule *women*. I only took up the pen to endeavour to turn his weapons upon his own sex.

The first person whose attentions to me, I could construe into those of a suiter, was Mr. Glossary, and a singular person he was, truly. He had seen his twenty-first year. He was, however, awkward in his person and manners, his face would have puzzled Lavater himself to describe, and his head would have put at nought the boasted science of phrenology. He was neat in his dress, and that was all that could entitle him to any notice. He pretended to be a literary character without knowing any thing of literature; and by repeating culled sentences from novels and romances, and interlarding his conversation with obsolete and uncommon words, he passed among the crowd as the erudite person he wished to be thought. For twelve months unceasingly did he follow me, even as the mastiff does his master. I would have brushed him off as a troublesome insect, but I knew not how. One evening, however, I determined to make him appear so ridiculous, by a scheme I had invented, that I was convinced, he would not again trouble me. My guardian was really a well informed gentleman, but modest and unassuming.



and so backward in making known his knowledge, that few took him for the man he was. Glossary, and Mr. Worthington had seldom been together, and never but when there was a large company. On the evening I expected him, I planned it so, that only my guardian and myself would be in the room.—Enter Mr. Glossary. “Good evening. Miss Everbloom, Mr. Worthington, your servant.” Of course, we returned his salutation. “How do you bear with the *excandescency* of the weather?” “How should I sir, but with patience.” “Ah! patience may well be called heaven born; but I never could boast of having a bit of it. I declare I am now quite *amort* with the *calidity*.” “How is it you pass your time during the summer months?” “In *daedal* ways. When rose check’d Aurora illumines the world with her golden smiles, I rise, and take to my books—the matin repast over, I *deambulate*, and perhaps *obequate*—then return to my domicile, and take up my books again.” “What is your chief study sir, if I may ask?” inquired Mr. Worthington. “No particular science or study; my reading is general; but I particularly pay my devoirs to poetry.” “An amusing, refined, and elegant employment,” said Mr. Worthington; “whose poetical productions are you the most enamored of?” Glossary was stumped. “No—no particular author claims my attention.” “No! that is remarkable enough. I should think to judge by my own feelings, that the style of one poet would be liked better than another.” “True, true, very true sir.” “How do you like the productions of Churchill?” “Very much indeed, he is so very sentimental; I am particularly fond of sentiment.” “Churchill was a satirical writer, sir.” “Pshaw, yes, I was thinking of—of—of—” “Of whom, sir?” “I cannot recollect the name, it begins with a B, I am certain. Oh! it was Butler.” “Why he was a satirist, also.” “I do not mean him, but a Butler that lived in England, about the year 1000.” “We have no accounts of any poets, before Sir Geoffery Chaucer, and he flourished in the fourteenth century.” Glossary appeared struck dumb, his colour changed alternately, from a high crimson to a deadly paleness: he became uneasy in his chair, and after some moments of silence, he rose, and pleading a previous engagement, left the room. My plan succeeded, for he never again visited me.

The next person who approached me with a lovers eye, was Mr. Wearwell, a widower. His wife had been dead about six months, since which time, there had been a marvellous change in his manners and appearance. Before her decease, he was melancholy visaged, and peevish and careless in his dress; but now he was cheerful and happy-looking, and studious in imitating the airs and dress of the beaux. Folks were not backward

in noticing this change, and making remarks. It was a laughable sight, to behold a man of seventy, his head covered with the hoariness of age, and dressed in the extreme of fashion, apeing the airs and follies of the most inveterate coxcomb of the day. Some did not hesitate to say, that his behaviour was the result of his joy at the loss of his partner. But with all his folly he was a man of a cultivated mind, and had he been disposed to consider himself as past the days of gallantry, he would have been respected, instead of being laughed at.

I pitied the old man, and resolved to display to his own eyes, the contemptible appearance he made in the world, and to bring him to a proper sense of what was due to himself. Though I was compelled in the fulfilment of my project, to act the coquet's unfeeling part; yet, I felt assured that when I had once convinced him of the insignificance of his conduct, he would not accuse me of having acted cruelly towards him. He was on the point, several times, of proffering me his hand, but whenever I saw that to be his intention, I strove to change the subject, and avoided coming to an explanation; but now that I was "fit for mischief," I determined to withhold him no longer. One day when I expected him, I got some of my female acquaintances, when Mr. Wearwell should come, to station themselves in an anti-room, and on a signal (a laugh) from me, they were to rush into our room, and surprise the old man in some of his ludicrous positions. I heard Mr. Wearwell's well known tap, and my coadjutors hurried into the next chamber. My Adonis commenced with the usual small talk of the day—of the wind, weather, theatre, concerts, balls, conventicles, and accidents. At length he touched upon his favourite theme—his love for me, truly. Finding that I did not as usual put a stop to his protestations, with just such a distorted countenance, as is apt to be made after the swallowing of some sharp liquor, which he intended for a desponding, true lover-like look, he proffered me his hand in marriage. Then came my turn. "Sir!"—He, made bold by my attention to him, like an old fool, warmly repeated his words. "I—indeed—Mr. Wearwell—so sudden—that—I fear." "Say, only say, you do not scorn my passion;" and the old doatard, actually fell upon his knee before me, "and that you will deign to make the humblest of your slaves superlatively happy—I will adore you forever—I"—. Unable to hold in any longer, I burst out into a violent fit of laughter. My friends rushed into the room, and joined in the laugh. "Let me assist you to rise, Mr. Wearwell," said one. "No, no," said another "leave him to get on his feet himself." "I am sorry to find you have so little christian charity, as to wish him to undertake so difficult a task," observed a third. "A truce, a truce, ladies, with



your raillery," exclaimed the lover, "and assist me to rise." We placed him on his feet. "So—ladies, I thank you; you have made me appear ridiculous indeed, but you really deserve my thanks for making me feel it. I believed that to gain the attention and affection of woman, it was only necessary to be gaily attired, and to talk and act foolishly—you have shown me my error; henceforward I will only be known as a plain old man." I have the satisfaction of adding, that Mr. Wearwell became an agreeable, lively old gentleman, nor ever again resumed his ridiculous gallantries.

The only person to whose addresses I ever seriously inclined, was Mr. Heartless. Elegant in his manners and appearance, he seemed to possess every qualification necessary to form the refined man. To the scholar and the wit, he added every polished attainment of the gentleman. He was young and handsome; his family good, and his expectations considerable. Why should delicacy forbid my confessing it—I felt a warm attachment for him. He was very different from other men; there was nothing offensive or disgusting in his behaviour; nothing of the coxcomb about him. At length we were contracted, and the time fixed for our union. Fond that I was, I dwelt upon the day that was to make him mine, with delight unutterable. One day I was called upon by a young woman; I was somewhat astonished when she asked me if I was not engaged to be married to Mr. Heartless. I replied to her interrogatory. "Madam," said she, "I am very sorry to be an obstacle to your happiness, but duty commands me to say that you can never be united." "How!" "Mr. Heartless is already married."—I trembled, tottered, a cold sweat came across my frame!—"But you are not able to listen to me now." "Yes, yes I am, go on." "I am a poor girl, and live with my mother and brother, in the suburbs of a distant city. We had formerly been in better circumstances, but by a change of fortune, both sudden and unexpected, we were reduced from ease almost to poverty. Mr. Heartless had known, and pretended to admire me, before we were assailed by the nipping hand of misfortune, and made me a promise of marriage. When we met with our reverse of fortune, in spite of his engagement, and regardless of my affection for him, he bade me think no more of him. This was cruel, very cruel; it prayed upon my mind, and I became the sallow wretched creature you behold. My brother marked my change; he pressed me so long to know the cause, that at length I disclosed my bosom's secret. Rage and indignation filled him at the recital. He left me, and with fury in his looks, sought Heartless, and ordered him instantly to make good his promise by marrying me, or dread the consequences. Heartless was a coward, he dreaded my brother and became my husband; but it was

only in name. Never since the ceremony have I seen him. I heard of his engagement with you, and I hastened here to prevent a union which might plunge us both into despair." "Is it necessary to mention what course I pursued? Let it suffice to say, I upbraided him with his villany, and banished him forever from my sight.

Need I pursue my subject any further? To repeat the many instances of man's art, folly and villany, with which I am acquainted, would be disgusting. I have shown in the examples that I have here given, that the ignorant fool, the brainless coxcomb, the hoary headed beau, and the consummate villain, alike make *woman* the object of their insidious arts. My bounds will not permit me to extend the piece to the length I wished, otherwise I should have presented my readers with many other portraits of *man*; perhaps at some future period I may resume the subject."

Thus concluded mistress Sidonia Everbloom's retaliatory narrative. In behalf of our sex, I hope misogynists, bachelors, and discontented unmarried folks, will assist us to turn her own artillery upon herself. All epistles, &c. addressed to E. R. and placed in the post office, will come to our hand.

E. R.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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REMARKS ON THE MEMOIRS  
OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF  
MARIA ANTOINETTE QUEEN OF FRANCE AND  
NAVARRE.

(Concluded from page 26.)

In the last number of this work, we gave such a notice of Madam Campan, and such a view of her qualifications for writing these memoirs, as would form a useful preliminary, could we in accordance with the wishes we then indulged, command time and opportunity, to lay before our readers such a series of extracts, as would enable them to form a judgment of their merits, and their usefulness. We now proceed to fulfil our intention, believing that no subject within our reach, can afford more interest, or probably matter for grave, solemn, and profitable reflexion.



Among the ceremonies observed at the inauguration of the popes, there is one which we have often considered with profound respect; it is this, when the holy father is invested with all the exterior dignities of his high pontifical office, the master of the ceremonies, holding in his hands a censer, suspended by slender chains, and containing a little burning flax or tow, swings it back and forward towards the face of the pontiff, repeating these words "O Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi" which will easily admit of this paraphrase. *Be not puffed up, O! holy father, with all this honour and dignity, for, as the flax in this censer burns down and is extinguished, so passes away the glory of this world.* Let none of us deceive ourselves, and in spite of our philosophy we will at times be deceived, human greatness is but a frail and fleeting possession, unless founded on the solid and imperishable basis of virtue: this lesson we may learn from our general observation, if not from our personal experience in life. There is a greatness derivable from ministerial dignity and worldly honours; a greatness from wealth and worldly prosperity; a greatness from literary merit, from superior sanctity of character and manners, from a real or supposed superiority of talents in our profession;—whoever you are that feels the pride of greatness, from whatever cause arising, pause here! Observe how it fleets! here its evanescence is recorded in characters sufficiently striking. In these short but instructive Memoirs, how many persons do we observe who had been in possession, in the secure possession as they believed, of every earthly good, precipitated into the depth of human misery and subjected to calamities of the most appalling character. Will it be said that these were the results of a terrific and sanguinary revolution, such as seldom occurs in the history of nations? Alas! the versatility of human affairs is often exemplified without the agency of such political convulsions. Lewis the XV. encountered the horrors of no revolution, yet his end was probably more miserable than even that of Lewis XVI. The following extract is from the valuable historical illustrations and official documents annexed to these memoirs.

"On the 8th. and 9th. (May 1774) the disorder (a confluent small pox) grew worse; and the king beheld the whole surface of his body coming off, piece meal and corrupted. Deserted by his friends, and by that crowd of courtiers which had so long crawled before him, the only consolation presented to him was the piety of his daughters."

(Soulavie Vol. I.)

In short, we may depend upon it, there is no true or solid happiness on this side of the grave, that can by any possibility spring from any thing short of *right-acting*. We may *believe* well; we may *think* correctly; we may *conform*, in our conduct, to a

plausible and unoffending exterior, but without *acting well*, we repeat it, there can be no happiness in the hour of silent reflection, in the moment of calamity and seriousness.

But we are perhaps extending these moral reflections too far ; let us now attend to the interesting work before us ; the circumstances and events there recorded will speak for themselves.

The writer, as we have already said, was fifteen years old when she was appointed reader to the princesses, the daughters of Louis XV. His queen, Marie Leckzinska, was just removed from this world's cares ; the death of the dauphin, the father of Louis XVI. had preceded her's by three years. The young princesses had returned from a convent, eight leagues from the coast, where they had been placed as boarders, and where their treatment was in many respects highly objectionable. It appears that their education was there so culpably neglected, that at the age of twelve, Madame Louise was not mistress of the whole alphabet, and that she never learned to read fluently, until after her return to Versailles.

"Madame Victoire attributed certain paroxysms of panic terror, which she was never able to conquer, to the violent alarms she experienced at the Abbey of Fontevault, when she was sent by way of penance to pray alone, in the vault where the sisters were interred. No salutary explanation had been afforded to preserve these princesses, from those dismal impressions, against which the most unenlightened mother knows how to guard her children."

"A gardener belonging to the Abbey, died raving mad ; his habitation, without the walls was in the neighbourhood of a chapel of the Abbey, where the princesses were taken to repeat the prayers for those in the agonies of death. Their prayers were more than once interrupted by the shrieks of the dying man."

"The most absurd indulgencies were mixed with these cruel practices"

Such were the disadvantages arising from this unfortunate choice of a seminary for these young princesses, and so serious was the effect upon their happiness through life. When children are to be sent for their education to any distance from the superintending parental care, the most scrupulous inquiry should be instituted, as to every point, concerning discipline, principles, manners, and rules of life, no less than as to modes of instruction ; and this will be the *more* necessary, if the seminary be guided and governed by any particular religious tenets, or the principles of any peculiar sect, which may have a weighty influence on their future life.

"Among women so little worthy of the office of instructors, there was however, *one sister* who by her judicious tenderness, and by the useful proofs which she gave of it to the princesses, entitled herself to their attachment and obtained their gratitude : this was Madame de Joulanges, whom they afterwards caused to be appointed Abbess of Royal-Lieu."



This partiality and favour however were unhappily fatal to their object, as appears by the following note.

"This excellent woman fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisters were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chaunted the *Veni Creator*, upon the fatal car. When arrived at the place of punishment, they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to mix its voice with the celestial chorus—but the strain continued. The Abbess suffered last; and her single voice with increased tone still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once—it was the silence of death."

Glorious champions of liberty! Illustrious vindicators of the rights of man! were these too among the victims you found necessary to sacrifice at the altar of your goddess? Did the pious and peaceful exercises of the cloister, the private, the secluded, and the unobtrusive devotions of the nuns, oppose so great a barrier to your onward course, that their lamp must be extinguished, their early matins must cease, and their vespers no more be sung? Was their innocent blood too, the necessary asperges for her temple, in which your own names are enregistered to an astonished and execrating world?

But we turn from scenes of such savage ferocity. In the horrible ebullitions of the French revolution, the wretches who were thrown up to the surface and who, for their respective brief periods, added new fury to the storm, can scarcely be considered men, they were demons!!!

We might extend our remarks on these princesses without the slightest fear of tiring our readers, but we hasten to lay before them the outline of their father's picture, as sketched by the hand of Madame Campan.

"The king thought of nothing but the pleasures of the chase; it might have been imagined that the courtiers indulged themselves in epigrammatizing, by hearing them say seriously, on those days when the king did not hunt, *the king does nothing to day*.

"Little journies were also affairs of great importance with the king. On the first day of the year, he noted down in his almanac, the days of departure for Compeigne, for Fontainebleau, Choisey, &c. The weightiest matters, the most serious events, never deranged this distribution of his time.

"It is well known that the monarch, found the separation of Louis de Bourbon, from the king of France the most animating feature of his royal existence. *They would have it so; they thought it for the best*: was his way of expressing himself—when the measures of his ministers were unsuccessful. The king delighted to manage the most disgraceful points of his private expences himself; he one day sold to a head clerk in the war department, a house in which one of his mistresses had lodged; the contract ran in the name of Louis de Bourbon; and the purchaser himself took the price of the house, in gold, in a bag to the king, in his closet."

"Louis XV. saw very little of his family;" did the writer forget this assertion when she tells us, in the same line, "he came every morning by a private staircase, into the apartment of

Madame Adelaide," and again in the very next sentence: "He often brought and drank there, coffee, that he had made himself." Madame Adelaide pulled a bell which apprized Madame Victoire of the king's visit; Madame Victoire on rising to go to her sisters apartment, rang for Madame Sophie, who in her turn rang for Madame Louise. The apartments of the princesses were of very large dimensions. Madame Louise occupied the farthest room. This latter lady was deformed and very short; the poor princess used to run with all her might to join the daily meeting, but having a number of rooms to cross, she frequently, in spite of her haste, had only just time to embrace her father, before he set out for the chase."

Whether Louis XV. was ever a man of correct and moral conduct, understanding and practising the decencies of life, as became his high station, is of course a matter not within the limits which properly circumscribe the present writer.

At the time she speaks of, however, he had lost the society of his queen. Her successor in his affections, Madame de Pompadour, had also died, and he indulged in some low dissipations. An intrigue was formed by designing men for the ruin of the duke de Choiseul by the agency of a mistress in the person of Madame du Barry; it succeeded, and the duke d'Aiguillon became minister.

"The men who were labouring to overthrow the duke de Choiseul, strengthened themselves by their concentration at the house of the favourite, and succeeded in their project. The bigots who never forgave that minister the suppression of the Jesuits, and who had always been hostile to a treaty of alliance with Austria, influenced the minds of the young princesses. The duke de la Vauguyon, the young dauphin's governor, infected them with the same prejudices."

"Such was the state of the public mind, when the young archduchess Marie Antoinette arrived at the court of Versailles, just at the moment when the party which brought her was about to be overcome."

We are now introduced to the beautiful, but unfortunate Marie Antoinette, one of the most interesting characters, perhaps, that figure on the page of modern history, and whose lamentable fate, lends such an enhancement to the sanguinary and horrible in the features of the French revolution. And here it is that we perceive our obligations to Madame Campan; here we can see what a desideratum such a work was. Let it be remembered the illustrious subject of these Memoirs, was raised to participate the throne of a nation, which bore towards hers an inveterate dislike and antipathy; that she arrived in France at a moment peculiarly unpropitious; the ministers by whom this alliance was planned and brought about, having just retired, whose duty and inclination it would have been to reconcile the nation to that which was naturally disagreeable to it; and those



ministers brought into power who always opposed the policy of the Duke de Choiseul. In such a posture of public feeling, the foibles of this princess could expect no quarter, where even several virtues became from their novelty, faults of considerable magnitude; nor could we hope for fairness and impartiality in the delineation of her character, unless from such a writer as M. Campan. She thus introduces her beloved mistress:

"Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Francis de Lorraine and Marie Theresa, was born on the second of November, 1755, the day of the Lisbon earthquake; and this calamity which seemed to stamp the era of her birth with a fatal mark, without forming a motive for superstitious fear with the princess, nevertheless made an impression upon her mind."

She lost her father at an early age, and seemed to recollect him with strong filial affection, the following passage is too remarkable to be omitted in our extracts.

"The Queen was fond of talking of the first years of her youth. Her father, the emperor Francis, had made a deep impression on her heart; she lost him when she was scarcely seven years old. One of these circumstances which fix themselves strongly in the memories of children, frequently recalled his last caresses to her.—The Emperor was setting out for Inspruck; he had already left his palace, when he ordered a gentleman to fetch the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, and bring her to his carriage. When she came, he stretched out his arms to receive her, and said, after having pressed her to his bosom, 'I wished to embrace this child once more.' The emperor died suddenly during the journey, and never saw his beloved daughter again."

The occurrence mentioned in the following extract, is in a high degree interesting and melancholy.

"The Queen often spoke of her mother, and with profound respect, but she formed all her schemes for the education of her children, by the essentials which had been neglected in her own. Marie Theresa, who inspired awe by her great abilities, taught the Archduchess to fear and respect, rather than to love her, at least I observed it in the Queen's feelings towards her august mother. She therefore never desired to place between her own children and herself, that distance which had existed in the imperial family. She cited a fatal consequence of it, which had made upon her such a powerful impression as time had never been able to efface. The wife of the emperor Joseph II. was taken from him in a few days, by an attack of small pox of the worst kind. Her coffin had recently been deposited in the vault of the imperial family. The Archduchess Josepha, who had been betrothed to the king of Naples, at the instant she was quitting Vienna, received an order from the empress not to set off without having offered up a prayer, in the vault of her forefathers. The Archduchess, persuaded that she should take the disorder to which her sister-in-law had first fallen a victim, looked upon this order as her death-warrant. She loved the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette tenderly: she took her upon her knees, embraced her with tears, and told her she was about to leave her, not for Naples, but never to see her again; that she was going down then to the tomb of her ancestors, and that she should shortly go again, there to remain. Her anticipation was realized; a confluent small-pox carried her off in a very few days, and her youngest sister ascended the throne of Naples in her place:

The high political interests which always occupied the empress, prevented her from devoting that attention to the education of her children which its importance demanded, and it was consequently very much neglected.

"The public prints however, teemed with assertions of the superior talents of Marie Theresa's children. They often noticed the answers which the young princesses gave in Latin to the harangues addressed to them: they knew not a single word of that language."

We are told in a note by M. Campan, that,

"With the exception of the Italian language, (in which Marie Antoinette was instructed by the celebrated Metastasio) all that related to belles lettres, and particularly to history, even that of her own country was almost entirely unknown to her."

This was neglect with a witness. And what was the consequence? Rather a serious one indeed—the same note adds.

*"This was soon found out at the court of France, and thence arose the generally received opinion that she was deficient in sense."*

Marie Antoinette appears to have been a favorite with her biographer from the first moment she entered the kingdom. A grand pavillion had been prepared for her reception upon the frontiers, near Kell: her *entree* is thus described.——"The doors were opened; the young princess came forward, looking round for the countess de Noailles; then rushing into her arms, she implored her with tears in her eyes, and with a heartfelt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect, her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aerial gait; her smile was sufficient to win the heart: and in this enchanting being, in whom the splendour of French gayety shone forth, an indescribable but august serenity, perhaps also the somewhat proud position of her head and shoulders, betrayed the daughter of the Cæsars."—This reminds us of Dr. Johnson's well known allusion.

"The bold Bavarian in a luckless hour,  
Tried the dread summits of Cæsarian power."

Did Madame Campan catch the enthusiasm of Burke, when she wrote the following?

"The Dauphiness then fifteen years of age, beaming with freshness, appeared to all eyes more than beautiful. Her walk partook at once of the noble character of the princesses of her house, and of the graces of the French; her eyes were mild—her smile lovely."—Again.

"Louis XV. was enchanted with the young Dauphiness; all his conversation was about her graces, her vivacity, and her repartees. She was yet more successful with the royal family, when they beheld her shorn of the splendour of diamonds with which she had been adorned during the earliest days of her mar-



riage. When cloathed in a light dress of gauze or taffety, she was compared to the Venus di Medicis, and to the Atalanta of the Marly gardens. Poets sang her charms, painters attempted to copy her features."

To these panegyrics we shall add *from recollection*, the celebrated passage from Burke, it may not be literally accurate, but we believe it will be found substantially correct.

"I saw the queen of France rising in all her glory, like the sun irradiating, cheering, and animating a world. I thought a thousand swords would have rushed from their sheaths, to avenge a look that threatened her with insult.— But the age of chivalry is gone, that of skepticism and of calculators is come, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever!"——

The Abbe de Vermond, preceptor to the queen makes a conspicuous figure on these pages. He was evidently no favourite with Madame Campan, who never mentions him in terms of respect. We cannot resist the inclination, to present our readers with a specimen or two of the treatment this high personage receives at her hands; it will also mark the influence he held over the mind and actions of his pupil.

"This Abbe de Vermond, of whom, because his powers always remained in the shade, historians say but little, directed almost all the queen's actions. He had established his influence over her at an age when impressions are the most durable; and it was easy to see, that he had taken pains only to render himself beloved by his pupil, and had troubled himself very little with the care of instructing her. He might have been accused of having by a sharp-sighted, though culpable policy, left her in ignorance. Marie Antoinette spoke the French language with much grace, but wrote it less perfectly. The Abbe de Vermond revised all the letters which she sent to Vienna. The insupportable folly with which he boasted of it, developed the character of a man more flattered at being admitted into her confidence, than anxious to fulfil worthily the high office of her preceptor."

Again, speaking of this *favourite* fellow servant, she says,

"Born in a low class of citizens, imbued with all the principles of the modern philosophy, and yet holding to the hierarchy of the church, more tenaciously than any other ecclesiastic, vain, talkative, and at the same time cunning and abrupt, very ugly and affecting singularity; treating the most exalted persons as his equals, sometimes even as his inferiors, the Abbe de Vermond received ministers and bishops when in his bath; but said at the same time that cardinal Dubois was a fool; that a man such as he having obtained power, ought to make cardinals and refuse to be one himself."

She concludes her delineation of this character, as follows:—

"Such is the faithful portrait of that man, whom the unlucky star of Marie Antoinette had reserved to guide her first steps, upon a stage so conspicuous and so full of danger, as that of the court of Versailles."

In the days of her prosperity, the queen gave proofs of a humane, compassionate, and generous disposition. Had she read more, it is not to be doubted, she would have been better qualified to act, in the critical and trying circumstances in which she

was afterwards called on to draw upon the resources of her own mind. Indeed knowledge, particularly historical knowledge, was the more necessary, since her husband was a person, who in the hour of difficulty and danger, was absolutely less than nobody; but Madame Campan is compelled to say, that she was particularly defective in history, "and in truth there never existed a princess who manifested a more marked aversion for all serious study."

We will not stop to canvass the thousand errors and mistakes of the unfortunate Louis, all converging to the point of his tragical death, and that of his queen, and so many others who were attached to them; but we believe it will not be hazarding too much, to assert, that constituted as the general mass of mankind is, as it regards the *vis animi*, there is at no time probably, one man in fifty, who would not be able to prevent a similar issue, from similar circumstances.—The revolution out of the question, we point only to the personal calamities which overtook the royal family.

From a work abounding with such interesting matter, we have perhaps extracted, more than our own limits will warrant. We have perused these Memoirs with a kind of pleasing melancholy; we are interested in a high degree in the recital of events, with which though we were previously acquainted, yet being now presented by an eye witness, by an actor in the scene; emanating moreover from the *interior* of the palace, and furnishing in *addition* much of what was not known before, they bring with them something irresistibly fascinating. We attend the royal victim through the enchanting gardens of Marly, or the flowery shrubberies of the more retired but happier Petit Trianon, and we sigh to think her within the circumvolutions of a vortex which yawns for her destruction.

Madame Campan's narrative has a certain air of faithfulness throughout which is quite sufficient to win over to her side, much if not the entire of our confidence, notwithstanding our first surmises against her impartiality; and we highly honour her for the zeal with which she defends her mistress from the attacks with which her character was so often assailed, and which reflect disgrace, on the heads of the unmanly calumniators.

W.



FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## INCIDENTAL REMARKS

ON

ADAM SMITH'S THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS.

[Continued from p. 51.]

## THE PRINCIPLE OF SELF-LOVE.

THE principle or passion of self-love, for it does not seem determined which it is; although we are disposed to class it rather with the principles than the passions of our nature, it would appear, is compounded of virtue and of vice. Or to speak more philosophically, it is made subservient to the perceptions of that faculty which partakes alike of the *moral* approving and disapproving faculty, and which we denominate reason. Reason, which involves judgment, certainly suggests to us the office of many of our moral principles. Self-love accordingly is that principle of our moral nature, which would seem very consistently to come under the cognizance of that faculty. It is somewhat singular that our passive impressions and our active principles should both result from the principle of self-love. This principle, we are told by Adam Smith, never prompts us of itself, to the sacrifice of the smallest portion of that individual good over which it is said to preside; it is at the suggestion of reason that this sacrifice is made, only in order, however, to the attainment of a more than proportional advantage. This appears to us somewhat sophistical; while at the same time it would seem to invoke a confusion of ideas which, if not explained would tend to destroy all moral distinctions; and thus take from human actions the only merit to which they can lay claim, the purity of the intentions that suggest them. Self-love naturally suggests to us the advantage and necessity of providing for our temporal welfare; while at the same time, it prompts us to an apparent sacrifice of that welfare, in which sacrifice, our active principles are called into exertion. This sacrifice however, we are told, generally results in the end to our credit and advantage; and is therefore the suggestion of reason, which would seem in this case, to be merely another name for self-love. So that self-love is the foundation of our active principles, the only tests of virtue. This reasoning, once admitted, tends, we think, to the discouragement of virtue. For where our actions are the result of the purest motives, it would tend to deprive us of that *consciousness* which is at once the reward of virtue, and the criterion by which, in our minds we judge of it,

Thus however, to our humble apprehension, does Adam Smith, with all his candour and ability, appear to reason, and reasoning thus, how can he consistently ask a question like the following:—"Where our passive impressions are always so sordid and so selfish, how comes it that our active principles should often be so generous and noble?" This generosity and nobleness of our active principles, resolve themselves in nothing more than self-love after all; at least, according to the reasonings of the very writer who asks the question. This sacrifice of our passive impressions to our active principles, is nothing more than a barter of commodities. We give up one job of interests merely to obtain another. This is perfectly fair and legitimate in politics and business, but we are not prepared to say that it is either very generous or very noble in our moral intercourse with the world. Self-love is vicious, when it prompts solely to that which is calculated to benefit ourselves, with no regard to those collateral interests which surround us; but without, at the same time, violating these, for that would constitute positive vice. Self-love on the other hand, is virtuous when it leads us to actions which result in the advancement of the interests of others. This at least appears to us to be the notion of Adam Smith, when he says, "it is not the love of our neighbour, it is not the love of mankind which prompts us to the practice of virtue, it is a stronger love; the love, the dignity, and superiority of our own characters." This is still self-love, though in disguise. We practice virtue not so much from a love of it in the abstract, but only as it may redound to our credit and advantage. If this be the probable theory of our sentiments, then are they indeed in an imperfect state. In the passion of love, what is it that we love? Is it beauty or any quality with which it may be united? Or is it merely a desire or appetite? If it be the latter, a mere instinctive propensity, then, as soon as the appetite was gratified, we should turn from and even loathe the object that afforded the gratification. This is the case with some of our appetites, those for instance of hunger and thirst; and where we do *not* love, the intercourse of the sexes is equally sensual and selfish. What is it then that we love, and why is it that we love? Is it the particular person that absorbs the feeling, or is it the qualities of any one of them, beauty, sense, amiability; which that person may possess? When we love, it must be for some one quality possessed by the person loved; and it seems to depend upon what that quality may be, whether the passion be virtuous or otherwise—that is, whether it be made up of or free from self-love. If it be beauty, then is the passion only self-love *modified*, we shall be told. If it be either sense or amiability, why are we in love with these or either of them? Adam Smith would answer, that it



is neither the intellectual nor the moral quality that we love; at least for its own sake, or as designing to be loved; it is that quality, which may in some way or other, when called forth, tend to our interest and advantage, that we love; and here again self-love seeks its own peculiar gratification. This analysis of the principle of self-love, appears to us to sap the foundation, and to strike at the root of all morality. It is one certainly not warranted by the *Socratic* code of morals. Socrates maintained that the knowledge and the practice of virtue were synonomous ideas and convertible terms. But although this was going too far, perhaps, in the other extreme, yet it appears to us to have been a view of morals founded on a better and a juster notion of the moral nature of man, than the one which Adam Smith seems to have entertained. Our modern philosopher asserts that, we are virtuous not from a love of *virtue*, but because we desire the *approbation* of others, which is essential to the gratification of self-love. And yet in another place he observes that, "it often gives *real* comfort to reflect, that though no praise should actually be bestowed, upon us, our conduct has yet been such as to deserve it." There seems to us to be somewhat of contradiction in these two passages. If it be the very definition of self-love to desire the approbation of others, and if accordingly our conduct is the result of this desire rather than of a love of virtue, one would suppose that the *want* of this approbation would leave us no satisfaction, even where our own conduct *has* been such as to deserve it; and consequently that we should be without a motive to virtue. This is to deny that we are ever influenced by any motives at all. If chance directed our actions, we should not be accountable for them; nor could we derive either pleasure or pain from reflecting upon them; in which case, there would be no such thing as vice or virtue in the world. But then good is educed out of evil, it will be said; although our motives be not pure, yet still they lead to actions in themselves so. Yet it appears to us too subtle a distinction to be admitted, to say, that our actions however virtuous, are the result not of a love of virtue, but of desire of being commended for possessing it. That at the very moment we are doing a good or noble action, we are influenced not by a love of that which is good or noble, but by a desire of being *thought* to be so influenced. Why are we desirous of the approbation of others? Because we wish to appear virtuous in their eyes. Why do we wish to appear virtuous in their eyes? Because to appear virtuous, is to appear worthy and noble. Why is it noble to appear virtuous? Because virtue is something noble—and finally, why do we wish to appear noble? Because we love ourselves. This seems to be all that we can learn of self-love.

(To be continued.)

## DEGENERACY OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

IN the leading article of our present number, we complimented this Review for the apparent honesty of intention which it has, in general, hitherto displayed in its animadversions on authors. When we committed that compliment to paper, we were far from expecting that we should so soon have occasion to change the opinion which dictated it. The sheet containing it, however, was scarcely printed off, when the Review for the present quarter, fell into our hands and afforded decisive and melancholy proof that it continues no longer to be the honest, impartial and able journal of criticism, we have so long esteemed it. We subjoin a well written communication from the pen of an excellent and intelligent inhabitant of this city, in which he treats with becoming scorn and indignation, the misrepresentations contained in the last number of the Review, respecting the plot, characters, and language of the novel of "The Wilderness." We observe that our correspondent hints, at what we have good reason for believing to be the fact, that the reviewer must have lent himself to the views and wishes of a certain Theban faction, that haunt a neighbouring city, several of whom have repeatedly manifested a rancorous personal hostility against the author of the Wilderness, for no earthly cause that has as yet been discovered, except his presuming to enter the same path of literature that has been chosen by some *pet* "candidates for public favour." For this presumption he has been branded by the Shadwells and the Dennises, (the Stones, Woodworths & Co.) of New York, with as many vituperative epithets, as if he had committed high treason against the republic of letters. Some half fledged critics of Boston have caught the tone, or have perhaps received a hint from the THEBANS; and the editor of the North American has been unwary enough to degrade his pages by opening them to one of their sinister productions so utterly destitute of any thing like fair criticism, or literary merit, that it was only worthy of a place in the despicable Atlantic Magazine.—But we will detain the reader no longer from the manly and appropriate observations of our correspondent.



FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## STRICTURES

*On an article in the 44th number of the North American Review, relative to "The Wilderness, or Braddock's Times," &c.*

The office of the reviewer, when ably and impartially performed, is one of high national importance in any country where the love of letters has influence. When the mind of the critic possesses learning and judgment, and his heart is imbued with the principles of liberality and justice, his labours will display comprehensive and accurate discrimination, his praises will be the homage due to talents and virtue, and his censures the just castigation incurred by vice or provoked by ignorance. In both, he will be accompanied by the *consensus bonorum omnium*, and even the object of his rebuke, will scarcely hesitate to acquiesce in its undeniable justice.

The North American Review until a very recent period, was conducted with a fairness and a power, which challenged and obtained the approbation of the reflecting and literary mind of this country; it was a work of which the country was justly proud; but the labours of an Everett and a Sparks, were then more conspicuous on its pages than at the present time, when unfortunately very inferior writers seem to be too much entrusted with the support of its reputation.

These reflections forcibly presented themselves on reading in the last number of the North American (July 1824) a review of "*The Wilderness*" and "*The Spectre of the Forest*," two novels on the merits of which we conceived that public opinion had been already favourably passed, the editions published both here and in England having been received with no stinted measure of applause. At this period of time, therefore, it was surely surprising, that these works should be seized on by the North American, not for the legitimate purpose of fair and critical examination; not for the laudable motive of impartially analyzing their merits, and opposing their excellencies against their defects; but for the sinister and unworthy purpose of subjecting them to undeserved ridicule; and as far as lay in the power of the reviewer, to consign them to contempt and oblivion. This is a proceeding which we must denounce as in no ordinary degree improper; as derogatory to the dignity of the Review, and exceedingly detrimental to the respectability of its character. These assertions are not lightly or inconsiderately hazarded,

and their justification can be fully drawn from the article under consideration.

If the picture we have endeavoured to sketch above, of a respectable reviewer, one who, unlike the diatribe of ephemeral scribblers, is incapable, in the straight-forward path of his duty, of yielding to any unjust bias, or of becoming the partizan of local prejudice, or the *complotter* with rival candidates for public favour, be correct, it follows, that the duty imposed on him would be impartially and carefully to exhibit before his readers whatever of excellence, as well as of defect might be found in his author, and scrupulously and conscientiously to give each its due weight, and no more. A dignified and honourable critic would not dissever passages from their context, and in a garbled state, wrest and distort them from their true bearing: he would bring forward all the parts of the subject necessary to elucidate that on which he is animadverting, either for praise or censure.

In the writer of the article in the Review before us, we have a critic evidently differing *toto cælo* from one either honourable or dignified. He sets out on his review with the intention to ridicule; for this, every other consideration, every good feeling, is sacrificed; for this, the writer is insensible to the interest of the story—for this, he is blind to the description of scenery, to the delineation of the characters of men and manners, as they existed at the era of the history which “The Wilderness” embraces; forgetful that in his own enumeration of the postulata for the “Americanism of an American novel,” (why did he not say the *Corregio* of Corregio?) these several points are mentioned. His forgetfulness or his ignorance, is indeed such that he seems not to know, that in order to frame a work like the Wilderness, something more is necessary than to recount the jog-trot occurrences of ordinary and every day life. Every incident therefore that deviates from common-place action, affords a subject for his grotesque misrepresentation.

In the requisites of a good novel, he has omitted altogether the essential one of a *good plot* or story, without which, prolix, wire-drawn descriptions of inanimate scenery, can never be made popular but by dint of puffing. For whose sake our critic dispenses with plots in novels, we are at no loss to conjecture.

When accompanied by an interesting narrative of events rendered more interesting by knowing that many of them are actually true. “*lakes, rivers and cataracts; autumnal woods and skies*” “*beautiful and peculiar,*” might do very well; but without a story, perhaps, this very writer would tell us, that the book was manufactured from the plunder of our school geographies and books of travels; the public would help out his criti-



cism by saying, and saying truly, that it was a sheer imposition to write a mere series of descriptive sketches, and pass them on the world under the guise of a novel.

Our critic gives a hasty and very distorted survey of the incidents narrated in the *Wilderness*, endeavouring as he goes along, to mar by unfair and uncandid representation, their true arrangement and effect. He is so ignorant as to express much amusement at the supposed absurdity of introducing an Irishman into an American novel, particularly an Irishman who speaks Scotch, thinking such a character a nondescript. He knows not that nearly two millions of the Irish population speak Scotch, or rather Scotch-Irish, as we will call it, however strange he may consider the phrase. This profound gentleman supposes it impossible that General Washington could have fallen in love! "who" as he very learnedly and very wittily expresses it, "plays the double part of Romeo among the ladies, and Alexander the Great among the Indians, with signal success." Where could he have learned to use such sarcastic language relative to Washington? Surely not from reading the *Wilderness*.

We suspect that this critic is a young person, the range of whose observations on men and manners, has not probably extended beyond the New England States, or it may be, the *termini* of Massachusetts. If he had known more, he need not now be told, that the dramatis personæ chosen by the novelist whom he criticises, were precisely the kind of persons to be found in the *Wilderness*, in Braddock's times; that it was no offence against either probability or matter of fact, to term Gen. Washington, at that time, a respectable looking young man, likely enough to join in a cotillion, aye, and *incredible* as it may appear, to *fall in love* too. Must we inform this erudite reviewer, that such was the absolute fact, and that the lady who captivated his great soul, *still lives*, and at an advanced age cherishes his memory with as much heartfelt veneration, as if she had never known him to be susceptible of a tender emotion.

The style of this critic is like the autumnal woods and skies of which he speaks, "*beautiful and peculiar*," and doubtless would have been considerably more beautiful and peculiar, had it not been for the quantities of the *jocose* and *witty* that he has thrown into it; for nothing spoils the sublime and beautiful (we beg pardon, the "*beautiful and peculiar*,"—what an improvement on Burke!) so much as wit. His phraseology sometimes, and his candour frequently, savour of Yankeeism. "Gilbert meanwhile had built *him* a log cabin," this we suppose is the *peculiar* only. Again, "The next morning *poor* Washington found himself in the same state of feeling *with* the unfortunate Frenchman," this perhaps is the "*beautiful*." Elegant critic!

As to his candour, what can possibly be more candid, than to quote a stanza from an old song much in use among the common people of the North of Ireland, in such a way as to have it considered the composition of the author of *The Wilderness*! In another passage he writes, "and there brought up, or to speak more appropriately *raised*." This word so employed does not occur in any part of the novel, nor is such a style in the least characteristic of that work. The auxiliary *shall*, used instead of *will*, is learnedly corrected once or twice by the reviewer, but we imagine that the correction might have been with propriety once or twice spared. In the following passage *shall* is incontestably better grammar than the reviewer supposes. "Oh with what eagerness I should march in the ranks of those brave men who *shall* be sent here."

Under this head too, we must mention, the good manners of the reviewer. He never speaks of any of the dramatis personæ, but with the greatest possible respect; thus we have, *Mrs. Nelly Frazier, Miss Nelly, Messieurs Paddy and Archy, Mr. Paddy*" &c. &c. What a polite critic! The author of the *Wilderness* has sadly neglected to be so ceremonious.

"*The Wilderness*" and "*The Spectre of the Forest*," are works which the most intelligent of the community have read, and praised without reserve. They have found them to blend fact with fiction in a manner the most conducive to the forming of an agreeable picture of the times they represent; while their narratives are dignified with the introduction of natural events that are known to have really taken place, and of heroes, sages and lovers, who are known to have really existed, and what is more to the purpose, to have really acted as they are here made to act. Such works were surely entitled to that deference and respect which has been hitherto yielded to them by the public. If, therefore, they really contain that merit in language, sentiment, plot, and moral, which the unprejudiced and well-informed portion of their readers have adjudged them to contain, then has the Review been guilty of an unpardonable, because wilful, dereliction of duty in not mentioning it. If, moreover the excellencies of these works, in faithful description of local scenery, in an accurate delineation of the characters of their several actors, be recorded with accuracy and truth, what shall we say of that dishonourable *suppressio veri*, which left all these prominent qualities disingenuously out of view while it emblazons every thing which by a tortuous ingenuity could be made the subject of reprehension?

It is not our present purpose to canvass the merits of these works, in order to place their excellencies in a strong light, in contradistinction to the jaundiced representations of the North



American. That they possess a lively interest in story, much beauty in description, and are executed in a manly and correct style of composition, has long been conceded to them; and the prejudiced writer, who while he deliberately sits down to malign and distort, calls his review *honest*, (a most unfortunate designation,—it is the honesty of Iago) even he knew that they possessed the characteristics of good novel writing which he enumerates; namely, “strong graphic delineations of the bold and beautiful scenery of this country, and of its men and manners, as they existed” at the epochs on which they treat.

We were about to dismiss this profound critic with a grave admonition to study the grammatical principles of composition, and the national distinctions of mankind, before he again writes criticism: but we shall leave him to his own reflections, entreating him, however, with as little delay as possible, to favour the world with a dissertation on, the “BEAUTIFUL and PECULIAR.”

CANDIDUS.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## ON MUSCULAR HABITS.

“Habit, or the frequent repetition of the same acts, gives facility and promptness to all the notices that are under the direction of the will.”

RICHERAND PHYSIOLOGY.

DR. CAMPBELL has remarked, that “the science is of little value which does not serve as a foundation to some beneficial art.” Experience has long since, taught the lesson, that the aliment of society is something else than the vapours of theoretical inquisition, and that the very necessities of man require the united efforts of his mind and body. The age has passed away when the subtle developments of the school philosophy commanded the applause and patronage of the learned world, and when it was fashionable to terminate a dispute about an abstract idea, by a chivalric appeal to arms.\* The improvement of the human species has been found to advance *passibus æquiis* with the progress

\* “Colaphi, alapæ, morsus, fustes ferrum,” are enumerated by Ludovicus Vives among the instruments of warfare between the hominalists and realists, about the period of the Reformation.

of the arts : and the encouragement now held out to philosophical inquiry, is, with a due precision, proportioned to the likelihood and importance of its practical results.

The present essay is the first part of an inquiry into the nature of Habit, and its dominion over the physical and moral constitution of man. Although this subject has heretofore excited a good deal of speculation, and been much elucidated by the researches of moralists and physiologists, it is still not exhausted; and the marked diversity of opinion, which prevails at the present day in regard to one of its branches, is alone sufficient to designate it a fair subject for farther investigation. Nor is it devoid of practical utility. Whatever stands connected with the active principles of man, has, according to the intimacy of this connection, a serious claim upon his attention. For his conduct in life is his chief concern ; and whatever, therefore, has any agency in determining his character in society, his own private personal enjoyment, or his moral responsibility, cannot justly be esteemed as destitute of practical interest. Now, as a principle of action, there is perhaps none other pertaining to the human economy, to which general sentiment has assigned so extensive, multifarious, and resistless an operation, as to *habit*. Its empire is not restricted, to the animal system, but ranges through the different provinces of judgment, taste, and imagination: at once busied with our muscular action, and regulating our decisions on the various subjects of moral worth, beauty, sublimity and proportion. Discovering itself in one instance, the inveterate foe of virtuous and rational emotions, in another, as their powerful auxiliary, and the firmest check on vicious inclination.

The nature of habit must always be imperfectly unfolded by a general definition. Frequent attempts have been made to define it, each of which seems to vary in some essential particular from the rest. I prefer the definition of Dr. Stewart enlarged by the addition of a single word from that of Dr. Reid, as the most accurate. The former speaks of it as denoting “ that facility which the mind acquires in all its exertions both animal and intellectual in consequence of practice. The word proposed to be transferred from the definition of the latter writer is *inclination*, for undoubtedly in regard to many acts that have become habitual, the mind not only acquires a facility to perform, but an inclination or proneness to repeat them. It is obvious that this view of the subject, confining the effects of habit to the mind, closely affiliates habit and volition. Indeed I am disposed to esteem the former so far as respects the phenomena of muscular action, subject to the will as but a mere accident or acquired endowment of that faculty, not capable of any separate and independent effort. In relation the functions of the involuntary mus-



cles, its influence is perhaps with more propriety, according to the opinion of Stewart, resolved into the law of association. The other writer alluded to has been led by a fancied similarity between them, partially to identify habit and instinct, only conceding a difference in their origin; and having invested them alike with automatic energy and entire freedom from the government of the will, has bestowed upon them, in common, the generic appellation *mechanical*. This clearly demonstrates that the word *inclination* in Reed's definition, has reference to the attribute of a muscle, my only apology for not adopting his definition, which with an application of this term to a quality of mind, would have been deemed less exceptionable than the one I have selected.

Those who advocate the independence of habit on the will, hold out but faint hopes of amendment to the unfortunate subject of loathsome habits. While he is exhorted to abandon them, he is disheartened in the same breath by the assurance that the will which originated, has lost its power over them; that by the magic of repetition they have become in some unknown and inexplicable way, ingrafted upon the muscles, and only obedient to them; and thus efficiently sustained by agents, that were primarily acknowledged as mere secondary instruments in their production. Does he desire an explanation of this curious doctrine! He is promptly answered with an adroit resolution of the whole phenomenon into an original law of the human constitution not admitting of analysis. He may strive to correct them, but his awkward carriage, his repulsive manners and address will still cling to him unchanged, fixed as if etherealized with the *vis insita* or *vis nervea*, and the fate of the ill starred wight is embittered perhaps by the reflection, that they were acquired at a period, when reason was wanting to admonish him of their inconvenience. So, in the teeth of all experience, an uncouth pronounciation once grown habitual, never could be reformed. And luckily for Greece, her famous orator, resorted at an early period to the pebbles to correct his crippled speech; for had he delayed until his vocal organs became released in their irregular action from the controul of the will, the supineness of his countrymen would have at once yielded the republic to the ambition of Philip, and the world been unblest with its first model of eloquence.

It is in vain to urge, in consistency with this doctrine, that those irksome habits may be overcome by the steady application of the will to the muscles concerned in them. The necessary degree of application would be morally impossible; and besides, a lifetime might be occupied in correcting some slight obliquities of muscular action; for a limited discipline would not

suffice. At what moment could the limit be affixed? If at any period the will be relaxed in its vigilance, what security would it leave against a return of the evil? The hypothesis withdraws from the will all dominion over the habit, and locates it under the very name of the object controuled, in the muscle itself. Unless therefore, the muscular fibre, from a spirit of compromise, and to escape farther duress, restore to the will its derivative power over the habit, and resume its auxilliary relation to that faculty, the discipline exercised over it by the latter, must be endless, or the habit perfectly incurable. But a concession to this effect, of a usurpation of authority by the muscle and its re-assumption by the will, would appear equally ludicrous and hazardous for the consistency of the doctrine. For what can be more ludicrous than robbery, and retaliation between the will and a muscle! a moral faculty and an animal substance! and to assert, that the quality of overruling the habit resides in the muscle alone, but is liable to be appropriated to the will when it may choose to invade the province of the animal organ, would be to contend for muscular independency in one breath, and deny it in the next.

Perhaps a narrower inspection of many phenomena that have been attributed to instinct, would shew that they are with more propriety referable to an habitual act of the will. The infant, for instance, in the respective operations of swallowing, winking, or recovering the equipois of its body, was, probably, on the first occasion, actuated by a deliberate impulse of the will; but by frequent repetition, the volition has become so momentary, as completely to elude the attention, and give to those acts a character of instinctiveness. "The fœtus," says Darwin, "by a few efforts learns to swallow, in the same manner as we learn all other animal actions, which are attended with consciousness, *by the repeated efforts of our muscles under the conduct of our sensations or volitions.*"\*

It is the astonishing celerity with which habitual acts are performed, together with an inability to recollect the antecedent volition, that has driven some to the unphilosophical conclusion, of denying to the will any concern in their execution, and devising the curious and inexplicable agency of habit to account for them. I say unphilosophical conclusion, because the grounds upon which it is reared are feeble and preposterous. What can be more at variance with common sense and every day's experience, than the position that memory is an unerring test of what has already happened. We are daily committing acts, which we forget almost as soon as they are completed; and if any one

\* Zoonomia, vol. i. p. 150.



will endeavour to select for present meditation, one of the multitude of ideas that floated in his mind on a given day, he will find in the store house of memory little else than a field of vacancy to explore. The retentive power of memory is much less dependant on consciousness than attention ; and where attention is necessarily precluded by the rapidity of the act, the memory's failing to be impressed by it, should in a less degree excite our surprise, than if it afforded full testimony of its performance. Under such circumstances, the failure of the faculty would seem to be in obedience to a law of our constitution, but its promptitude in violation of that law, and therefore miraculous.

That a muscular fibre is competent to a greater celerity of movement than the mind is a tenet, I think not easily to be palmed upon any reflecting person. In comparison to the mind, the eye has been quaintly reproached by a discerning writer, as "a loiterer ;" and if I mistake not, that organ will successfully compete in mobility with any other belonging to the animal system. But the advocates of this tenet, unwarily concede the degree of intellectual activity claimed. For the concurrence of the will in generating the habit, or that series of acts over which the habit is established, is not only admitted by them, but essentially demanded ; and it is only when those acts acquire a character that may be fairly pronounced habitual, that the participation of the will in their execution is dispensed with. Now if the will be capable in its operations, of the rapidity necessary to conduct a certain order of acts until they have assumed an habitual cast, where can be the reason for pretending, that it is inadequate to the rate of action necessary to their government beyond this limit? To continue the operations that have been perfected into habit, certainly cannot require a greater aptitude for motion in the agent, than to consummate the practice out of which the habit has grown.

There are incidents familiar to every one that will serve to illustrate the capacity of the mind for rapid action. We have heard of the expert arithmetician solving intricate questions in the cube and square roots, with almost the quickness of intuition ; and yet nobody will doubt that the result was never attained without a regular process of calculation. I have lately been told of a prodigy of this sort, who, I believe, is now employed in the low drudgery of washing ore at iron-works.

To the same purpose is a fact, that is recorded of the earl of Peterborough (I think), who took on a wager with Dr. Goldsmith, that he could dictate to nine amanuenses at the same time, each to be employed upon a distinct subject ; and actually accomplished the task, no less to the chagrin than the amazement of the

Doctor, who, emulous of the talent, was bold to lay claim to it, but failed to a lamentable degree in establishing his claim by experiment. However difficult it may be to appreciate the rapidity of the mind's transitions in this curious achievement, we cannot avoid believing that the intellectual mobility necessarily required to effect it, greatly exceeds the vibratory endowments of any muscle with which we have been made acquainted. The defenders of the opposing scheme, would seem to have overlooked the law of the human mind which requires, that in every train of reasoning, however rapid its transit, the mind must be equally influenced by volition, in apprehending each intermediate proposition, from the beginning to the conclusion of the series.

The views of some physiologists upon the subject, and the elaborate essay of a writer in the 19th number of the *Medical Recorder*, may demand notice hereafter. This communication shall be concluded with a single example. Let the reader fancy to himself two persons trying their skill in fencing, who are well practised in the use of the broad sword. The adroitness displayed, he knows to have been attained by a long and studied application of the will to each separate manœuvre. But whether would he pronounce the dexterity of the feat, as wholly involuntary, mechanical, and prompted only by the mysterious agency of habit, or that every thrust and parry which it exhibits, is executed, even with a measure of calculation, in obedience to the impulse of an alert will? "Surely if these and the like phenomena are clearly explicable from the known and acknowledged laws of the human mind, it would be unphilosophical to devise a new principle to account for them."\*

\* Stewart's Elements. vol. i. p. 85.

ZENO.

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### POETICAL PRIZES.

Messrs. F. and R. Lockwood, of New York, propose to print a book to be entitled the *ALBUM*. It is to be composed of short pieces, and such as are proper for insertion in a lady's "common place book." To insure the production of the best talent of the country, they have offered a "Gold Medal," of the value of forty dollars, for the best piece of original poetry; and for the best poetical extract, a volume of the *Album* elegantly bound.

Mr. Caldwell, of the New Orleans Theatre, has offered \$50 for the best poem not to exceed forty two lines, to be delivered on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.



# POETRY.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## LINES

INSCRIBED TO ANNA.

*But the thunder of his power who can  
understand? Job. 26th c. 14th v.*

'Twas God that tun'd the rolling  
spheres,  
And stretch'd the winding skies,  
That form'd the plan of endless years,  
And bade the ages rise.

From everlasting is his might,  
Unbounded, unconfin'd,  
He pierces thro' the realms of light,  
And rides upon the wind.

He darts along the burning skies,  
Loud thunders round him roar;  
All heaven attends him as he flies,  
All hell proclaims his power.

The sun shrinks back as he appears;  
The moon forgets to shine;  
And every blasted star declares  
His majesty divine.

He speaks; great nature's wheels stand  
still,  
And cease their wonted round:  
The mountains melt, each trembling  
hill  
Forsakes its ancient bound.

He scatters nations with his breath;  
The scatter'd nations fly,  
Blue pestilence and spreading death  
Confess the God-head nigh.

Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,  
Fulfil his dread command!  
Pay due homage to your king,  
And own his ruling hand!

But oh! my muse! forbear the theme,  
Since thus th' Almighty says,  
"What tongue is equal to my name?  
Or who can trace my ways?"

J.R.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## TO MY SISTER.

*On her requesting me to write on a lively  
subject.*

You ask me, dear Sister, to sing in a  
strain,  
That is free from Melpomene's gloom;  
But how can the heart that's o'erbur-  
dened with pain,  
For mirth or enjoyment find room.

No, no, dearest Kate, though my days  
are but few,  
And life is as yet in its spring,  
My cheek has been moisten'd with sor-  
row's cold dew,  
Then in merry strains how can I sing.

I oft to Thalia address my warm vow,  
And entreat her my patron to be;  
But still at Melpomene's altar I bow;  
And Thalia attends not to me.

But no more I to sorrow will tune my  
dull lays,  
No, sooner the muse I'll resign;  
At least till time brings to me happier  
days,  
And laughing Thalia be mine.

And the day may yet come, when I too  
shall be gay,  
And my heart with bright happiness  
glow;  
Then, then, dearest Sister, when comes  
that blest day,  
My strains shall to gaiety flow.

ANNA.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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*Verses addressed to Miss M. H. C. V. D.*

ON A SECOND MARRIAGE.

Oh! think not that hearts disunited, can never  
 Feel throbbings of warmest affection again!  
 Oh say not when fate shall the nuptial tie sever,  
 That he who is lonely, must lonely remain!

Though lifeless the arms that once sprung to enfold me,  
 And cold be the bosom where oft I repos'd;  
 Though hushed be the musical voice that consoled me,  
 And eyes that beam'd rapture, forever are clos'd;

Yet love still exists! though my heart be repining  
 In grief! 'tis the glow of the sun-breams, that rest  
 On clouds of the eve, when in glory declining,  
 The source of her splendour is sunk in the west!

Thou, Mary, whom beauty, youth, virtue<sup>r</sup>adorning,  
 Recallest my heart to what erst it had been;  
 Thou risest in love, like the sun of the morning,  
 Diffusing fresh brilliancy over the scene!

How splendid the scene! by the warm sun enlighten'd,  
 The clouds of the ev'ning no longer we see;  
 And thus thy affection, oh Mary, has brighten'd  
 The life of that one, who exists but for thee!

S.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

*By Daniel Bryan, Esq.*

While destruction's dark angel sweeps over the world,  
 Overwhelming the grandeur of empires renowned—  
 While memorials of pride—from their bases are hurled,  
 And their ruins the hopes of ambition confound.  
 While temple and pyramid fall and decay,  
 And all the proud trophies of conquest and crime,  
 Are shrouded with odium and passing away,  
 The triumphs of virtue grow brighter with time.  
 No monument they, or false splendour require  
 To consign them to fame, or enkindled devotion;  
 Their record of glory's in hearts they inspire,  
 And their worship extends o'er the land and o'er ocean.



'Tis thus with the theme, whose enrapturing powers  
 Preside on this era of festal delight;  
 Its rays pierce the darkness where tyranny lowers,  
 And freedom illumined, exults in its might!  
 The "Fourth of July!" oh how sweet to the tongue!  
 What transport, what melody, flows in the sound;  
 It forms the rich burden of liberty's song,  
 And her echoes repeat it, and spread it around.  
 It wafts the wrapt fancy on pinions of flame,  
 To the fields where our fathers, by Washington led,  
 Encircled their brows with the garlands of fame;  
 Where, for freedom they fought, and for freedom they bled.  
 Behold yonder plain where the war-banners fly!  
 Our fathers are there, and in front are their foes;  
 Their phalanx is small, but their valour throbs high,  
 And the onset they dare, though fierce legions oppose.  
 Will freedom and honour, their homes, and their wives,  
 Give nerves to their arms, and inspirit their souls;  
 For these they will conquer or yield up their lives;—  
 But hark!—tis the battle-drum stormily rolls!  
 The bugle blast calls to the terrible fray.—  
 That tempest of thunder, of lightning, and cloud,  
 Announces that slaughter and death rule the day,  
 While trembles the earth—and the heavens seem bow'd!  
 That shock of proud charges, and clash of red steel,  
 Proclaim that the battle's dread crisis is come;  
 The dark ranks are broken, behold how they reel!—  
 Now sounds the brisk beat of the conquering drum.  
 With whom does the prize of the conflict remain?  
 The veterans of blood?—or the sons of the soil?  
 'Tis the flag of Columbia waves over the slain!  
 Her Eagle has made the grim Lion his spoil.  
 O'er the graves where the martyrs of freedom repose,  
 Though beauty and fatherless infancy weep,  
 The voice of applause to their memory flows,  
 And gratitude hallows the spot where they sleep!  
 Triumphant they fell, for their dying arms clung  
 To the pillars of tyranny's iron-framed dome,  
 Till prostrate in ruin the crushed fabric rung,  
 And frightened the fiend to his transmarine home.

Independence, thus gallantly won by their sires,  
 Columbians for ever shall bravely defend;  
 As the virgins of Vesta watched over her fires,  
 So they at its shrine will devotedly bend.—  
 'Tis the beacon of nations, the hope of th' oppressed;  
 Humanity kneeling, and pleading its cause,  
 Discloses the wounds in her blood-streaming breast,  
 And appeals for redress to republican laws!  
 Independence! how precious, how dear is the boon,  
 To the lofty, the gallant American soul!  
 With the courtier and slave she disdains to commune,  
 And indignantly spurns all tyrannic control.  
 Columbia still growing in greatness and splendour,  
 Will never relinquish a ray of her glory;  
 Though all other nations their birth-right surrender,  
 Her freedom shall deck the last pages of story!

## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

Although, with the exception of Greece, the nations of Europe at present, enjoy a respite from the horrors of warfare, the elements of discord among them continue occasionally to break forth with considerable force, and manifest symptoms not very consistent with a long duration of tranquillity. In Spain, and Ireland, indeed, tranquillity is only preserved by the presence of overpowering armies. In Portugal a revolution was very recently, nearly produced; the monarch was made the prisoner of his own son, and saved his crown, and perhaps his life, by flying on board of a British Man of War. The dispute is for the present settled, but it was settled only by the interference of the foreign ambassadors; and the traiterous son of the king, has been banished the country.

In France, a rupture among the rulers has taken place little inferior in violence to that which disturbed Portugal. It has thrown the celebrated literary minister Chateaubriand out of place. He is succeeded by his political rival M. de Villele. Chateaubriand was, for some time past, a chief among the French *ultras*, and much devoted to the Holy-League principles of government. M. de Villele is considered somewhat more liberal; at all events, he has shown himself more friendly to what is, at present in France, termed British principles; which, we presume to mean a system of principles to be found somewhere about half way between those professed by the adherents of despotism, and the friends of freedom. We do not believe that this revolution in the French ministry, will produce any important change in the affairs of Europe. We rather imagine that de Villele will pursue the same course with his predecessor. He may pursue it, indeed, in a different manner. He may not dash along with such a determination to overthrow the obstacles he may meet with, by open force. But to the cause of true liberty his measures may be more dangerous, inasmuch as they are likely to be conducted with more insidiousness and cunning. If, however, he is really inclined to favour the views of Great Britain, fewer obstacles to the final triumph of South American independence, will result from his administration, than might have arisen from that of Chat-



Chateaubriand, who had lent himself entirely to the cause of the great Allies. This overthrow of Chateaubriand's authority was entirely unexpected. A vast majority of the recently elected members of the legislative body, were supposed to be of exactly such principles as he wished. This body, however, forgot its obsequiousness to the views of the court on the subject of the *rentes*, and voted with more independence than it was supposed to possess. It was thought by the executive, that Chateaubriand had not been zealous enough in his exertions to prevent this result. He was, therefore, dismissed.

This affair proves that the progress made by the liberalizing spirit of the age, has been greater even among the high handed legitimate party of France, than could have been supposed from the determined energy with which they lately bent their efforts to overthrow and destroy the constitutionalists of Spain. Was it really from hatred to liberty that the French royalists clamoured so loudly in favour the Spanish War, or was it from a desire to regain a portion of that military renown which they lost during the three or four last years of Bonaparte's reign? The latter has been said to be the feeling which chiefly prevailed in the French mind on the occasion. We can scarcely credit it. Fond as the people of France confessedly are, of military glory, they must have been sensible that there was little to be obtained by the conquest of a people so effeminate, so divided amongst themselves, and in all respects so destitute of resources for a protracted war, as the Spaniards. To overpower such forces as the Peninsula could bring against their numerous and well appointed armies, required but little skill in their generals, and little valour in their troops. Their numbers, and their means of battle, assured them of conquest before they engaged in the contest; and although they gained their object in subduing the friends of liberty in Spain, they gained but few laurels by the achievement.

As to the Spaniards, the interference of their officious neighbours, has entailed on them a state of degradation and wretchedness, which has almost rendered their name a reproach and a by-word among men. The whole intelligence, talent, and respectability of their country have fled from the slavery and misery under

which it groans. The fair vallies of Arragon and Castile, so long the favourite land of romance, gallantry and chivalry; the country of the Pelagios, the Rodericks, and the Alphonsos, where Charles the Fifth held dominion over Europe, and whence Columbus sailed to discover a new world; this renowned land is now only the abode of the despot, the monk, and the slave; and that ignorance and barbarity which formerly inhabited the bleak northern countries of Europe, have now planted themselves immoveably in the mild regions of the South. Such is the fallen condition of Spain; and to make her regeneration utterly hopeless, such of her sons as have dared to express a wish in her behalf, have been subjected to unrelenting persecution by the governing priesthood, for it is the priesthood that now rule every thing in Spain. Aided by the arms of their French conquerors, the miserable populace are kept in subjection to their will, at the peril of their lives; and the educated and influential are incarcerated in dungeons, or driven out of the land. Oh! Priestcraft and Tyranny! when were you ever separated! or when did men ever prosper where you were permitted to dwell!

The late news from England is of a cheering nature. Mr. Secretary Canning has announced in the house of commons the determination of the British cabinet, to defer the recognition of South American independence no longer from complaisance to the Spanish government, but forthwith to act on that subject as it may see fit, without reference to the wishes or intentions of Ferdinand's ministers. The British government have, no doubt, been induced to the more speedy adoption of this liberal course, by the impressive petitions of the merchants of Liverpool, London, &c. praying for the immediate acknowledgement of the Southern governments. It is stated, indeed, that with the exception of Lord Eldon, the chancellor, all the cabinet counselors are in sentiment well disposed to the South American cause. That peer has been always famous for his tory principles; and no doubt feels a pang of regret, to see the doctrines of the detested whigs, become so triumphantly prevalent on both continents of the New World, as to supercede all others in matters of politics. Mr. Canning, it is believed, has long urged the cabinet to make the recognition which is solicited by the nation; and



the step now taken towards that important measure is, perhaps, all that the obstinate chancellor can, at present, be prevailed on to agree to. It is probable, indeed, that the other ministers may have preferred this cautious mode of proceeding, with the view of extorting from each of the Southern republics some commercial advantages as the price of the recognition. However this may be, we make no doubt, that the recognition will soon take place in proper form; and then adieu to all fears, if any fears can yet exist, of South America ever again falling under the yoke of Spain. We believe that the other European powers will, one by one, at no distant period, follow the example of England in this matter; for they will perceive the total inutility, or rather folly, of remaining obstinate. On the same day that Mr. Canning announced to parliament the foregoing resolution of the cabinet, he made another communication which was received with equal satisfaction, all parties in the house joining to cheer the secretary on the occasion. This latter communication was, the steadfast refusal of the government to participate in any of the counsels of the Holy Alliance, notwithstanding certain recent and pressing solicitations made by the powers composing it, to that effect.

Mr. Canning's administration, in respect to liberality and sound policy, is, indeed, much superior to that of Castlereagh, and his popularity is, in consequence much greater. Castlereagh was execrated, and, although we cannot say that Canning is beloved, (he has scarcely displayed liberality enough for that) yet he is admired as an able and sagacious statesman, who knows the true interests of Great Britain, and pursues them with steadiness and vigour. The indifference which he lately displayed on the Irish question, is the most inexcusable instance of illiberality that can be laid to his charge. His opposition to parliamentary reform, however much to be reprehended, may proceed from an error of judgment,—from a persuasion of its inutility, or its unreasonableness, and cannot be accounted a voluntary dereliction of his duty to his country; but his refusal to inquire thoroughly into the causes of Irish misery and disaffection, manifests a callousness of feeling for human sufferings, and a disregard of his duty as a national counsellor, which will admit of neither apolo-

gy nor explanation, and remains a foul blot on his reputation, which all his other commendable measures cannot efface.

It has always appeared to us strangely unaccountable that the British cabinet should exhibit such reluctance as it has uniformly done, to investigate thoroughly the affairs of Ireland, and to step forward promptly and efficiently with such reforming measures, as would secure the prosperity and affection of such a numerous and interesting people as the Southern Irish. The difficulty of the task would be trifling; whereas the result would be one of the most glorious and gratifying to humanity that has ever been achieved. The prejudices and avarice of a few landlords and churchmen would have to be attacked and overcome; but four or five millions of as warm hearted and gallant a people as the world can produce, would be rescued from the most galling state of degradation and distress, and rendered happy, grateful, and attached to their benefactors. What conqueror, or what legislator has ever had the power of doing so much good at so small a sacrifice, as the government of Great Britain might now accomplish, merely by making tenants less dependant on the will of landlords, curtailing the incomes of a few pampered bishops and rectors, and extending to men of all ranks and religions, equal political rights and privileges.

But would it not be doing injustice to interfere with the privileges of the landlords, and the claims of the churchmen? We think that looking at the question in a national point of view, no injustice would be done, but what the high and important necessity of the case requires. It is an axiom in government that the interest of a few should always yield to that of the nation; and the interest of the nation, in the present case imperiously demands that the claims and privileges of a few individuals which stand in the way of the general welfare, should no longer be respected. And what are these claims and privileges? Are they not exorbitant, nay, are they not abstractly unjust? We make, of course, a distinction between moral justice, and legal justice. What may be just by a statute or law of the land, may in itself be morally unjust. Who has not heard of unjust laws, or unjust and injurious national customs and regulations? and are we not familiar with the universal plaudits be-



allowed on such as resist and eradicate these abuses? The exorbitant and absurd claims of the Irish church on a vast portion of the property and earnings of the people, are wrong in themselves; they are oppressive and detrimental to the peace and prosperity of the nation—we will go farther and say, that they are *radically unjust*, for the claimants yield the people no equivalent whatever for the dues that they wring from them, and an equivalent of some kind rendered for what is received, is essential to the maintenance of justice.

With respect to the claims of the landlords, this may not apply. Their property is their own, whether it be by descent or by purchase. We grant it; and we would not touch their property. We would not deprive them of a single acre. But their privileges of turning out tenants and raising their rents at will, when not prevented by lease, are merely the offspring of statutes or of customs, which were arbitrarily introduced, and now when found so detrimental to the general weal, may and should, without hesitation, be as arbitrarily repealed. Let the occupiers, the workers of the soil possess rights and privileges, which will secure them from the extortion and summary proceedings of landlords, (and a mode of granting such rights, without giving the least encouragement to sloth, could be easily devised, if the ingenuity of men were set to work on the subject) and a remedy for this evil will be effected consistently with the purest principles of justice. At the present time, every suggestion of humanity and good policy calls for the adoption of some such measures as we have here recommended.—Concerning Catholic emancipation, we have not space to say more, than that to grant it freely and unreservedly could not possibly do England any harm, and would inevitably do Ireland much good.

Since we wrote our last retrospect, our domestic politics have presented but few new topics for animadversion. Nothing has occurred to change our opinion as to the prospects of the presidential candidates. The extra meeting of the New York legislature which is about to take place, will, in our opinion, go nearly to decide the question, who shall be president? If the people of that powerful state be permitted to choose its electors, we have no hesitation in saying, that the choice made by Pennsylvania

will also be theirs, in which case every man will perceive the issue of the election to be no longer questionable.

On the recent newspaper squabble at Washington, concerning the printing of the state papers, we have neither time nor inclination to make remarks. We shall only observe that the proprietors of the National Intelligencer appear to be much mortified that they have been dismissed from their long enjoyed dignity of government publishers, while those of the National Journal are, no doubt, highly elated on being appointed their successors. In reflecting on this subject, the misery of depending on the "favour of the great," forcibly presents itself to us; and we cannot help recollecting the homely proverb, that "there is nothing but *ups* and *downs* in this world."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Youth of Genius," will appear in our next number. We invite its author frequently to occupy a place in our pages. The "Lake George Fortune-teller," would have been published before this time, but for its length. We shall take the liberty to condense it, and endeavour to make room for it in our next. "A Visit to the Country," and "A Vision," shall be attended to with as little delay as possible. The latter is on a very important subject, and our correspondent seems to be fully master of its evil effects on the welfare of society. Some parts of his present communication are pathetically and strikingly illustrative of these; we could wish to hear again from him on the subject, and would recommend that he should treat it more argumentatively than on the present occasion. We are persuaded that, by doing so, he would not fail to make a useful impression on the public mind.—"Evergreen" writes in a lively style, and we make no doubt but that many of the essays he has prepared, would do credit to our work. The introductory one, however, which he has sent us, entitled the "The Author," bears too close a resemblance to the character which the Spectator gives of himself in introducing his celebrated speculations, to warrant its appearance in our pages, as an original production. The author has given sufficient indication of talent to induce us to think that, without much trouble to himself, he can remove this objection. We wish he would try it, as we feel desirous to treat our readers with some of his lucubrations.

"The Wedding Day," and several other pieces from the same ingenious pen, are received, and shall not be neglected.